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Brandywine
Days

John Russell Hayes

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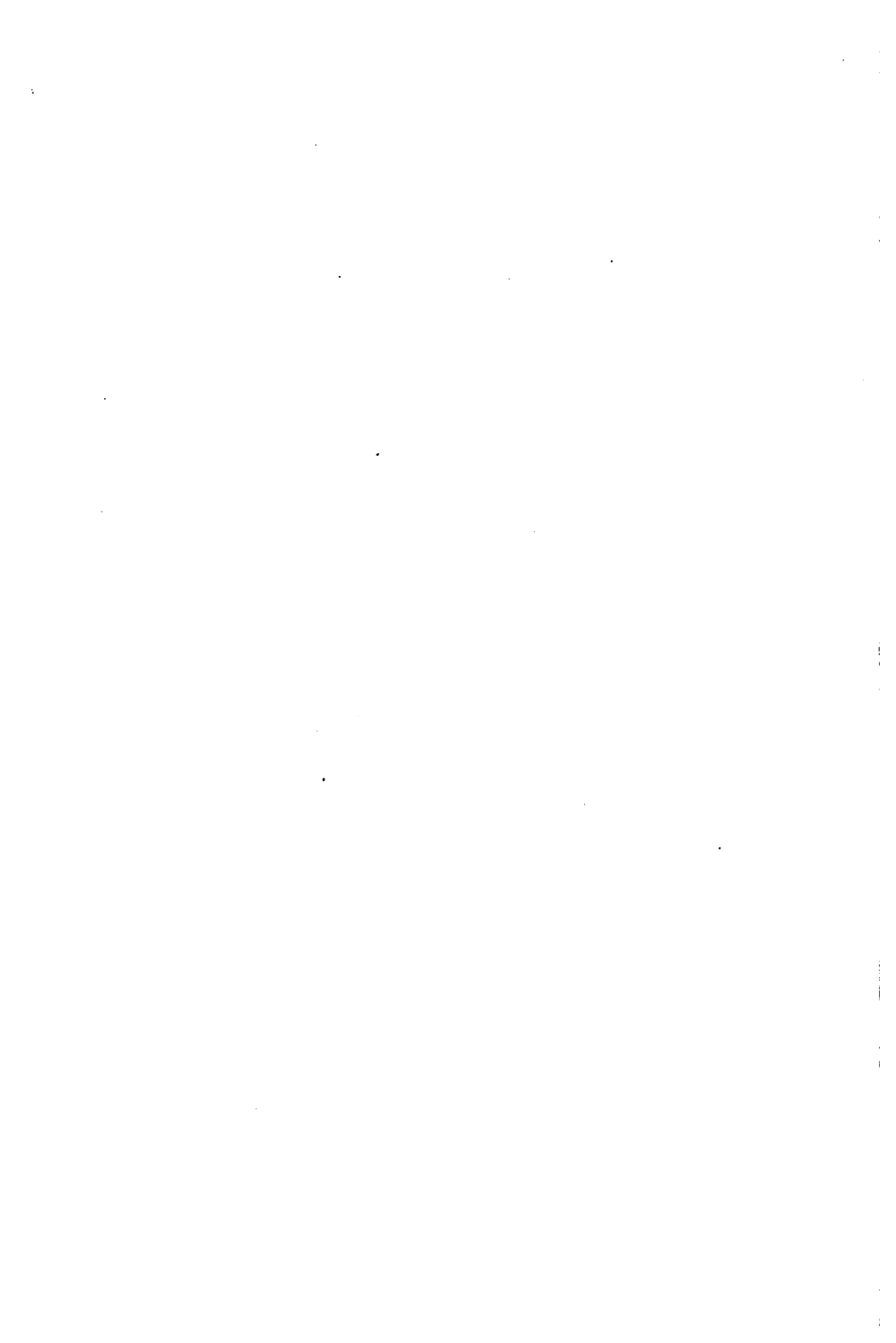
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O Memory, call back
the hours
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among the flowers
That made the summer
seem divine
In meadows by the
Brandywine!

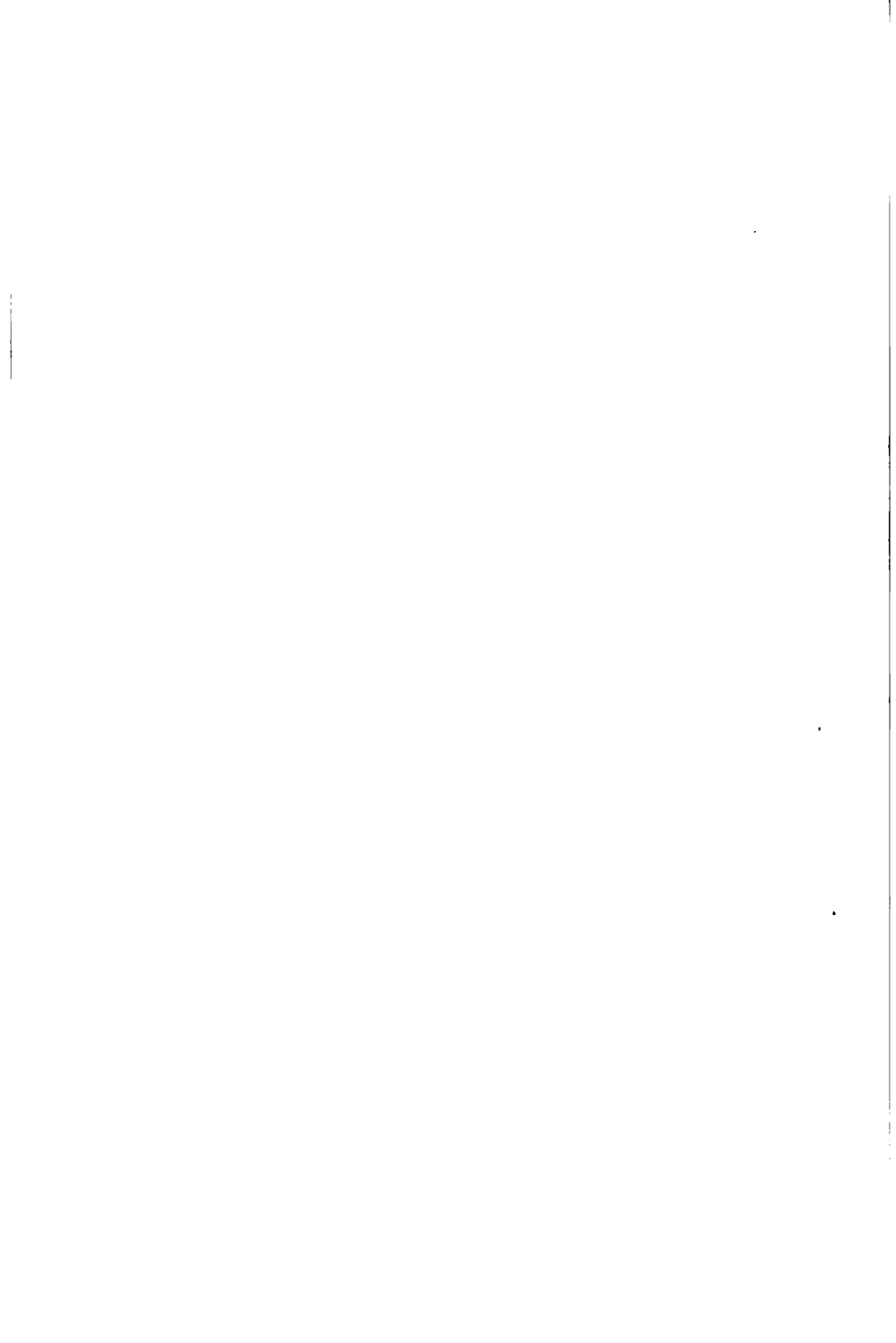
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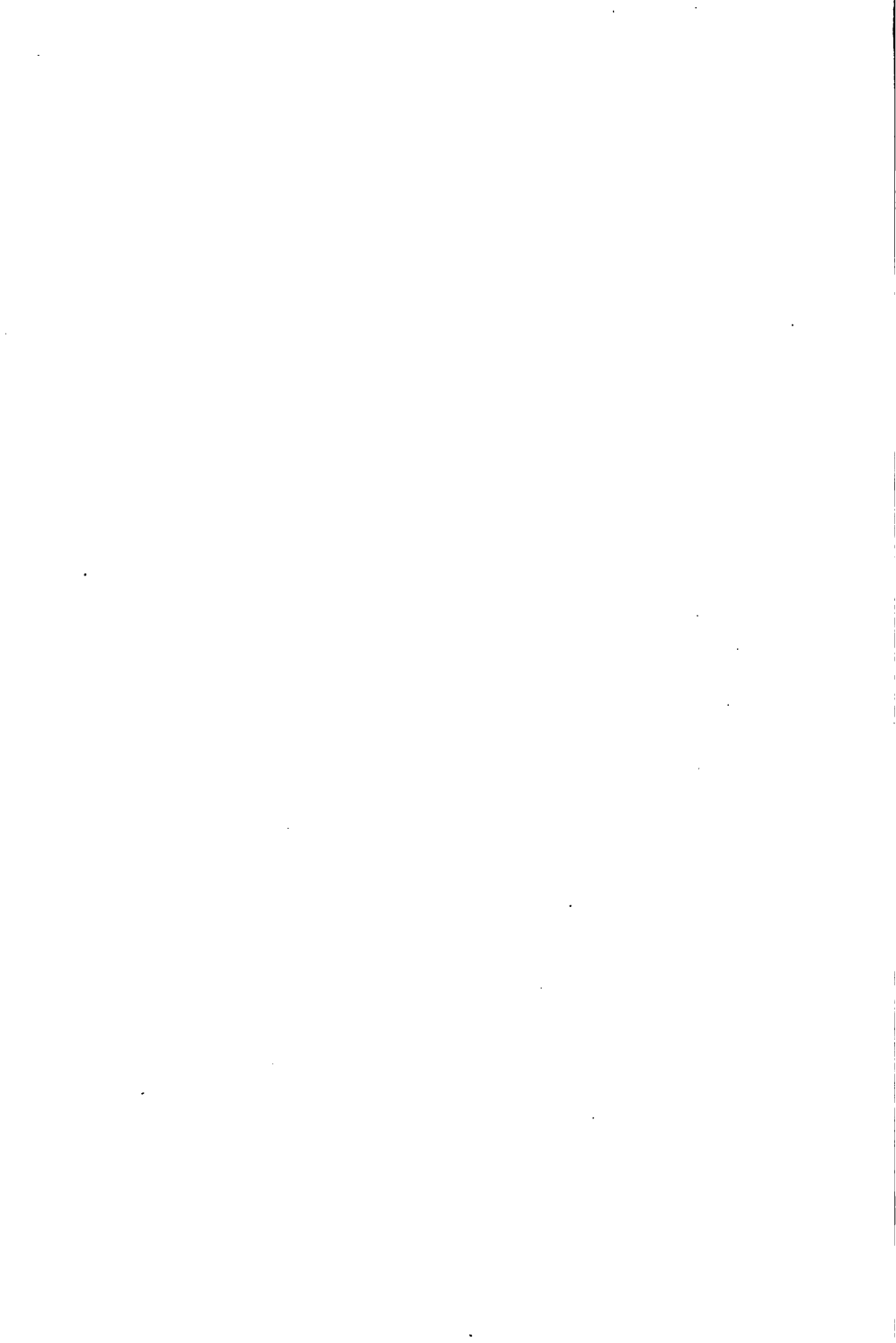
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"Meadows by the Brandywine"

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BRANDYWINE DAYS

Or, The Shepherd's Hour-Glass

By JOHN RUSSELL HAYES

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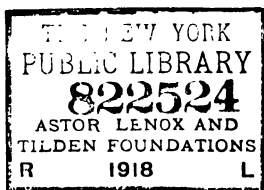


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By JOHN RUSSELL HAYES

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ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

To
JAMES MONAGHAN

*"Alike we loved
The muses' haunts, and all our fancies moved
To measures of old song"*

(2-18-79)

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O MEMORY, call back the hours
Of childhood's day among the flowers
That grew in gardens sweet and old
Beneath those skies of misty gold
That made the summers seem divine
In meadows by the Brandywine!

Call back the breezes warm and sweet
That drowed across the yellow wheat
And made the sylvan valleys ring
With music light as dryads sing,
With music faint and faery-fine,
In meadows by the Brandywine!

Dear Memory, call back again
The soft and silver wraiths of rain
That bent the buttercups, and swayed
The sleepy clover-heads, and made
The hosts of dancing daisies shine
In meadows by the Brandywine!

Call back the glow-worm's elfin fire
That wavered where the marshy choir
Made reedy music ghostly-light
Across the fragrance of the night,
Till lucent stars began to shine
O'er meadows by the Brandywine!

O far, sweet hours, what strange regret
Brings tears for you to-night, while yet
I would not have your magic be
More than a dream—a dream—to me,
A dream of vanished hours divine
In meadows by the Brandywine!

COMING TO THE FARM

*"I never list presume to Parnasse hill,
But, pyiping low in shade of lowly grove,
I play to please myselfe, all be it ill."*

—THE SHEPHERDS CALENDER

JUNE XV. Spenser's lines must stand at the head of my little Book of Hours, my Shepherd's Hour-Glass, for Spenser is held in honor of all the clan of shepherds—Spenser

"Who taught mee homely, as I can, to make."

And here beside my ancestral stream the Brandywine, or old Indian Wawassan, as I rid me of the dust of clamorous streets, on this sweet mid-day of June, and take up once again my shepherd's crook and rural quill, I thank the dear God that He still keeps green for town-wearied folk such lovely nooks as this. How true are those words of Keats,—

"To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament."

O meadows of buttercups and daisies, ye green old willows and hillsides of fragrant wheat and clover, and thou beloved soft-flowing Brandywine—once more we come to pass the summer-tide amid your enchantments. Here in the new-old joys—the companionship of "mine own people," the babble and laughter of sweet children,

Brandywine Days

music and happy song and the coming of gracious friends, quiet reverie and hours with the poets, beside our sylvan stream, in cool orchards and bird-haunted groves—the weeks will flow by like a dream of felicity.

It is the hour of noon; we have unpacked our impedimenta and have ranged on the high little shelf over the fireplace Spenser and Herrick, Wordsworth and Keats, and Pater, and Fitzgerald's "Omar," the stout little "Compleat Angler" and the other delightful volumes. We have gone to the mossy spring-house down beyond the orchard and quaffed a drink divine from the limpid pool near the cream jars and the white custards that are cooling for our first country dinner. The bells are ringing by the old farm houses in the valley, and the farm folk are coming merrily down the hills to take their nooning.

Sitting here at the ample secretary-desk, where my forefathers for generations have written up their farming accounts, and entered in their journals the record of pilgrimings to distant meetings and of the coming of their fellow-Quakers on perennial visits—sitting here with fresh-pointed quill (in reality only a poor steel pen!), and musing on the cool, calm, old-fashioned charm of this ancient House and idyllic landscape, I indite in the broad pages of my diary the opening impressions of this summer's sojourn. Diary, did I say! forgive the word, shades of my fathers in this old Home. Hour-Glass let me rather name it, for old-time's sake and because a poet-loving Celtic friend of mine suggests the title; and "Shepherd's Hour-Glass" for old Spenser's sake. "Ye Shepheards Houre-Glasse" Spenser would have spelt it, in that delightful century of his when each man spelt as pleased

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"Pastoral repose and pensiveness"

Coming to the Farm

him best, and before or-thog-ra-phers and such troublesome folk were born.

Here, then, the lowliest of shepherds records our coming to this antique Home by the Brandywine.

So here to this old Farmstead have we come,
A quaint red-gabled solitary House
Breathing of peace and silence musical,
Beauty and quietude and dreamfulness,—
An old ancestral Home among its fields,
Its garden flowers and swaying orchard boughs,
Here in the heart of this still countryside
Where broods the atmosphere of elder days,
Fragrant of memories and sentiment
And happy friendship. Here sleeps soft repose,
A pastoral repose and pensiveness,
Virgilian in its dreamy, tranquil charm.
—O how my heart goes out in happy thought
To this old Home and all its memories,
Its golden past, its hallowed links that bind us
To those dear souls gone with the long-dead years!

OUR OLD VILLAGE

JUNE XVI

AN ancient mansion falling to decay,
A blacksmith's shop and seven cottages
Among their gardens, and one white farm house,
Make up this hamlet by the Brandywine,—
A sleepy village wrapt in drowsy peace
And lazy silence, save when at the forge
A horse is shod, making the anvil ring
With rhythmic music; or when farmers meet
Beside the watering-trough and talk of crops,
The roads, the weather and the price of wheat.
Above the village silently and slow
The Brandywine moves under sylvan shades,
But at the smithy sweeps forth in the sun
And murmurs down a pebbly slope, and winds
With merry song below a garden wall.

Like to the village Goldsmith dearly loved
It seems to me, this hamlet quaint and small,
Where Time stands still, and ancient usages
Give it an air of peace and old-time charm.
—And I remember happy half-hours here
Beside the blacksmith's door, watching his fire
Send up its sparks, or listening to the droll
Converse of rustic humorists or the tales
Of mighty fishing in the Brandywine.



*“The tiny town in old-world Oxfordshire
Whence came my sires.”*

THE BRANDYWINE

*"Clear and gentle stream!
Known and loved so long,
That hast heard the song
And the idle dream
Of my boyish day."*

JUNE XVII. Our beautiful Brandywine "with its tributaries and enshrining hills, the very heart and centre of old Chester County," is most widely known for its association with that fateful day in 1777, when Washington led his colonials across the hills of Birmingham, and when Lafayette—last flower of the old French chivalry—was wounded in battle. Near its banks lived and wrote Bayard Taylor, who deeply loved the "peace and blissful pastoral seclusion" of these Chester County meadows; and here on a summer's day Sidney Lanier, meditating his lyric "Clover," exclaimed,

*"Dear uplands, Chester's favorable fields! . . .
I lie as lies yon placid Brandywine,
Holding the hills and heavens in my heart
For contemplation."*

A third son of the muses, T. Buchanan Read, drew inspiration from his native stream; and there is no Chester-countian, of any sentiment at all, who does not cherish a pride in the Revolutionary memories of the Brandywine, and a yet deeper affection for the stream for its own fair sake as being his "home river."

The Brandywine

"The rivers of home are dear in particular to all men," wrote Robert Louis Stevenson. As one may love the winding Schuylkill, another the Wissahickon's woodland pools, or a third the soft and faery beauty of the Susquehanna—so is the Brandywine endeared to those who have spent endless summer days along its green banks and floated on its placid reaches; and particularly so when the bond is the stronger by force of ancestral association with some old farmstead and willow-bordered meadow beside the beautiful stream.

"Susqueco," one of the musical names given it by the Indians, seems to ally it in a measure to the Susquehanna; and the resemblance goes beyond that of the names, for in its lesser way our Chester County stream has the same alternate charm of tranquil deeps and of sparkling rapids that distinguishes that loveliest of Pennsylvania rivers. Nay, our Brandywine has a special character of its own, and that is its *pastoral* or *idyllic* aspect. Few are the minor streams that so completely satisfy one's sense of peaceful and untroubled rural tranquillity, or beside whose calm waters he would rather pitch his tent or read his favorite poets. The grey old homesteads and venerable barns of the Brandywine valley seem an inseparable part of the landscape, around which cluster the dear associations and memories of generations. The corn has sprung upon these hillsides and given of its golden wealth through countless Octobers; it seems almost as if there could never have been a time when the wheat did not lie in abundant sheaves on these uplands in the silent midsummer nights, or the apples grow mellow and fall to earth in the long, drowsy days of September. It is a region of placid

Brandywine Days

and serene security, such a happy countryside as Virgil, immortal laureate of husbandry, would have described with affectionate art—such an opulent land as we read of in the ancient *Odyssey*, where “pear upon pear waxes old, and apple upon apple—yea, and cluster ripens upon cluster of the grape.”

The very fishermen that haunt its shores seem to partake of the stream’s lazy placidity; it was long ago despoiled of its finer fish, but still may these patient anglers be seen, seated in their favorite nooks under some drooping willow or white-armed buttonwood, where the turf is softest, waiting through the quiet hours for the nibbles that so seldom disturb their motionless corks. Yet one cannot call these hours idly spent, for the true angler is of honest Izaak’s ilk, and his hours of serene contemplation beget in him a vein of mild philosophy, rendering him sweet of temper and most companionable. The literary fisherman is perhaps not seen here so often, yet there are those who love equally well to read and to fish.

“Sometimes an angler comes and drops his hook
Within its hidden depths, and ’gainst a tree
Leaning his rod, reads in some pleasant book,
Forgetting soon his pride of fishery;
And dreams or falls asleep,
While curious fishes peep
About his nibbled bait.”

Flowing down through the heart of Old Chester County, the Brandywine enriches many a secluded dale and meadow where the quiet cattle graze beside the odorous mint and the nodding buttercups. Curve by curve it winds among the folded hills, silencing and receiving

The Brandywine

into its tranquil bosom "the filtered tribute of the rough woodland" from the thousand little brooks that purl and babble down the slopes of wild grass and crimson clover. Beneath the arching boughs it drifts, home of the squirrel and fox, and of the wood-robin that pours out his solitary song in cool sylvan retreats. Wild grapes hang over the water, the stately cloud-fleets sail slowly above and melt away beyond the hill, and the locust shrills in the loneliness of the hot noontide hour.

As the twilight hour draws on it is pleasant to push one's boat far from shore and watch the closing of the day on the farms. Down from the hillside come the shout of the farmer's boy and the lowing of far cattle; and the idler in his boat knows that in the old stone barns the horses are crunching their oats and hay, that the swallows are nested beneath the eaves, and the pigeons have ceased their day-long crooning. Then, as he rows slowly in the sunset glow, while the boat's eddies lap the lily-pads and set all the reeds to nodding, he will perhaps pass in his musing fancy from these scenes to the green downs of England, where at this hour the

"tender ewes, brought home with evening sun,
Wend to their folds,
And to their holds
The shepherds trudge when light of day is done."

After all, the *associations* that cluster about a stream make it beautiful to us beyond other waters; if one's dearest memories are allied with the Delaware, the Susquehanna, or the Wissahickon, that particular home-stream is to him fairer than all others. To Chester County folk our

Brandywine Days

sweet pastoral Brandywine must ever have an especial appeal; there the grass is softest, the plashing of the water most melodious, and there the twilight grieving of the ring-dove most touches the heart. For us these remembered hills are clothed with beauty, and these misty woods with enchantment. Something of ancestral feeling awakes as the thought of peaceful townships with their names that carry us back to the old hills and valleys of England and Wales;

“Tredyffrin, Caln and Nantmeal hold
Traditions of those sires of old;
While Uwchlan in her inmost vale
May hear at eve some Cambrian tale.”

Truly, we bless the tranquil serenity of the grey homesteads about which the memories of our fathers are yet green!

“Old homes! old hearts! Upon my soul forever
Their peace and gladness lie like tears and laughter;
Like love they touch me, through the years that sever,
With simple faith; like friendship, draw me after
The dreamy patience that is theirs forever.”

BESIDE THIS TWILIGHT SHORE

JUNE XVIII

I WILL not ask for more,—
Only one love-song sorrowful and golden
Beside this twilight shore,
Sweet as Ulysses heard in legends olden,—
I will not ask for more;

Beside this twilight shore
One love-song with its pathos sweet and olden,—
I will not ask for more,—
Yearning with sorrows and with memories golden
Beside this twilight shore.

IN THE OLD ATTIC

JUNE XIX. We awake this morning to country sunshine and joyance; the blackbirds chatter in the tall maples, and from its home in the woodland edge the ring-dove is softly pleading. The long-silent old House is sad only in memory now, for its halls are vocal with the song of children, merry, merry children,

“Crazy with laughter and babble and earth’s new wine.”

The tender melancholy of the ring-dove’s note seems veritably a token of the sentiment of the old House in these bright June hours, a “pensive recollection” mingling with its present blithe music. Through all the months between our summers here, the ancient Homestead dreams in solitude. The tall colonial clock ticks not, but stands mournful in its shadowy corner; the midnight mouse plays on the moonlit garret floor; and the quaint harpsichord stands silent and immelodious, a memorial of some ancestral “gentlewoman of the old school” who held not so strictly to the Quaker rule that she must shut music out of her sweet life.

“I know she played and sang, for yet
We keep the tumble-down spinet
To which she quavered ballads set
By Arne or Jackson.”

In those long still months of autumn and winter the shuttered windows reflect no sunset skies, and the moaning winds pile with their store of faded leaves the deep doorways and the flag-paven porches. The great pine and

In the Old Attic

the maples sway about the red chimneys, strewing the ground with ruined nests; November rains drip, drip sadly upon the mossy shingles; and the snows whiten roof and lawn and deserted Garden with their noiseless drift, across which the shy tree-dwellers leave their tiny foot-prints unseen save of the lonely old House. Naught but the venerable Mansion is witness of those shifting seasons or listener to the wild harmonies of the December storms.

But now the dream-year has ebbed away, and awakening June fills the once-quiet halls with its flood of soft light, its

"Sunshine beating in upon the floor
Like golden rain,"—

and its enchantments of echoed bird-song and joyous child-life.

Already the little folk—Brown-eyes and Ray and pen-sive Bunny and romping Will—have clambered to the old attic, that dreamland of childish hearts. Among its lumber of venerable furniture and hair trunks and antiquated finery they are making merry. How the garret ghosts must ache to be thus rudely encroached upon, and the mice scamper to their inmost holes below the rafters! The dear little folk are looking up with wonder at the strings of lavender and herbs that fill the dim attic with faint aromas; and now I hear the quaint lacquered spinet quavering in high and sorry tones under the touch of curious small fingers. Those melancholy and mournful echoes of airs long forgotten, and the soft fragrance of the dried lavender, rouse thoughts fainter even than memories

Brandywine Days

or dreams—of the far-off days when the antique harpsichord stood in its pride in the ample drawing-room, and the youths and maidens of the hamlet, prim and sedate in their flowered silks and other dainty apparel, passed from singing part-songs around the little instrument to stroll among the lavender beds and the “laylock” and hollyhock corridors of the glowing Garden.

Ah, bonny children, you have started a pleasant vein of reverie for me this day, with your romping up beneath the eaves. It is in such hours, amid musings like these, and looking out upon so fair a landscape, that one has some glimpse of the abiding truth of things. It was William W. Story, I think, who wrote,

“Ah Heaven! we know so much who nothing know!
Only to children and in poets’ ears,
At whom the wise world wondering smiles and sneers,
Secrets of God are whispered here below.
Only to them, and those whose gentle heart
Is opened wide to list for Beauty’s call,
Will Nature lean to whisper the least part
Of that great mystery which circles all.”

THE BIRDS AND THE POETS

*"In this sequester'd nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat!
And flowers and birds once more to greet,
My last year's friends together."*

JUNE XX. This blithe morning the finches and red-breasts are chirruping, the yellow orioles flash in and out among the green orchard boughs, and from the far wood edge come the pensive notes of the ring-dove. Ah, that plaintive call of the ring-dove!—no sound in this Brandywine valley rings so vividly in the ear of memory as that solemn sweet call across the fields through all the long drowsy dreamy summer days and on into the enchanted twilight.

Ah, gentle mourner, what soft pain is thine,
What tender melancholy stirs thy breast?
Perchance some old romantic sorrow lies
About thy heart, or memory of wrong
Done to thy kind long since in some green vale
Of dim Thessalian woods. Thy pensive note
No elegy can match, and thy sweet woe
Makes memorable the sacred twilight hour.

So ran my thought, in my love for this sorrowing and mystic singer; but, as Alice Brown has asked, who may

“translate the desolation of the dove?
For even in the common speech
Of feathered fellows, each to each,
Abideth still the primal mystery,
The brooding past, the germ of life to be.”

Brandywine Days

Countless are the tiny carollers among the leaves in these primal days of summer. Now, and through the months to come, their gushing music will echo around us, an inseparable and supernal accompaniment to all God's wild beauty.

How the songs of birds have filled the ears of the dreamers in every age! Our English poesy is forever melodious with the choirs of the air. I open a favorite anthology, and the first poem, written a century before Chaucer, begins thus jubilantly,

"Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu!"

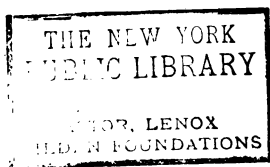
And the latest magazine has, from the pen of John Burroughs—who is cheering his latter days with one bird-poem after another—a lyric on the bush sparrow; the tiny caitiff purloins my grapes, sighs the old bird-lover, but

"Still I bid him welcome,
The pilf'ring little dear;
He pays me off in music,
And pays me every year."

So we hear the birds warbling through all the pages of English verse from first to last. Milton gives us his favorite nightingale, Sorrow's own singer,

"Most musical, most melancholy;"—

and the same wondrous bird has been enshrined forever by Keats in the deep Celtic pathos of that ode written beneath the trees, of a May morning, while the young poet





"The garden in a golden dream"

The Birds and the Poets

yet thrilled with the recollection of Philomela's midnight music.

"Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

The skylark, beloved alike of Shakespeare and Shelley, chants his dewy matins at the golden gate of heaven—unforgettably—for if the skylark should unhappily disappear from earth, he would still live for all time in *Cymbeline* and the *Sonnets*, in many a line of Wordsworth, and in the throbbing stanzas of that almost last, surely most perfect, of Shelley's lyrics:

"All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass."

If our American songsters have not received their meed of praise from classic poets, they have had very beautiful celebration from some of our latter-day bards. The vireo, the mocking-bird, the meadow lark, the yellow-breast and the thrush, deserve the noblest words of Sidney Lanier, Celia Thaxter, Henry van Dyke, J. Russell Taylor and the others. The last-named poet portrays very intimately the inner melody of some of our homeland songsters. I know of no finer American laureate of the birds. Witness this lyric,—

Brandywine Days

"Blow softly, thrush, upon the hush
That makes the least leaf loud,
Blow, wild of heart, remote, apart
From all the vocal crowd,
Apart, remote, a spirit note
That dances meltingly afloat,
Blow faintly, thrush! . . .
O lightly blow the ancient woe,
Flute of the wood, blow clearly!
Blow, she is here, and the world all dear,
Melting flute of the hush,
Old sorrow estranged, enriched, sea-changed,
Breathe it, veery-thrush!"

GARDEN SONG AT TWILIGHT

JUNE XXI

THE sunset's golden flush, as daylight closes,
Wraps all the garden in a golden dream,
The while you sit, dear heart, among the roses,
And watch the sleepy stream.

The marigold droops low, the poppy dozes,
The lotus slumbers in a golden dream,
And your own queenly head among the roses
Bends toward the sleepy stream.

Now let my lute with music's heavenly closes
Mingle its magic with your golden dream,
Until the moon's soft fire above the roses
Silvers the sleepy stream.

Dream on, dear love, while every flower-heart dozes,
Let all your soul dissolve in golden dream;
And I will guard my saint among the roses
Beside the sleepy stream.

STARRY MEADOWS

*"The phantom flood of dreams has ebbed
and vanished with the dark,
And like a dove the heart forsakes
the prison of the ark;
Now forth she fares through friendly woods
and diamond-fields of dew,
While every voice cries out 'Rejoice!'
as if the world were new."*

JUNE XXII. Faery cloudlets hover and float above us this fresh green June day, the wood pigeon renews her sorrowing plaint, cat-birds chatter among the wild raspberry bushes, and in the gurgling of the song-sparrow I hear voices of the long ago—the song-sparrow, the blithe little friend to whom Celia Thaxter wrote affectionate greeting,

*"My little helper, ah, my comrade sweet,
My old companion in that far-off time
When on life's threshold childhood's wingéd feet
Danced in the sunrise! Joy was at its prime
When all my heart responded to thy song
Unconscious of earth's discords harsh and strong."*

The poppies float on the billowing acres of wheat like crimson foam on that yellow tide, the grass stands lush and deep on the long slopes of the hillsides, and the meadows are starred with gem-like bells and florets of brilliant hues. Delicate white and pink and golden, these flowers are like those which Botticelli strewed with winsome art over the



“Peaceful stream-side fields”

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Starry Meadows

fragrant turf in his strangely fascinating "Spring"—or like those in the foregrounds that Fra Angelico rejoiced to paint into the little panels that enrich the walls of the mediæval cells in San Marco.

These blooms of ours fade away with the fading summer. Not so those pictured flowers; they bloom with an immortality of ineffable beauty on the monastery walls. And what happiness, one must think, for the holy brethren amid their fasts and absolutions, their observance of matins and complines, to return from the spirit-world of adoration to those radiant pictures of sweet Tuscan river-meadows set about the white feet of angels! And Savonarola himself, in that quaint Roman seat of his that stands yet in his severe cell,—were his dreams not heightened and his heart touched by those fragments of idealized earthly loveliness which Angelico had placed in everlasting brightness in that grey home of prayer!

And those Pre-Raphaelite starry meadows found a late reincarnation when Edward Burne-Jones—truly a modern holy brother in gentleness and spiritual vision—and his friend the fine-souled Morris, created the fair work of their combined arts of design and loom-weaving, the tapestry with which they made more beautiful the fragrant chapel of their own Exeter College.

Yes, in these very fields about us here by the Brandywine I may live again in imagination and memory those rare hours in the Florentine shrine and in the Oxford sanctuary beneath the centuried windows of the silent Bodleian Library.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

Sir William loved his life of lettered ease
Among the shadows of his Surrey trees,
Among his gardens and his books and bees;—
I love his memory that he loved all these.

JUNE XXIII. To go down into green Surrey to Farnham, sleepy old town on the pastoral Wey, and out to Moor Park and its old-world felicities, is to gain an abiding interest in one of England's finest types of old-time country gentleman. Further, if it be one's fortune, as it was mine, to find on a bookstall the four leather-clad octavos entitled *The Works of Sir William Temple, Bart.*, with Lely's handsome portrait of the author, and printed in London in 1757, by Lintot, Tonson, and others of those rubicund booksellers of Pope's acquaintance,—his happiness will be complete. Some pleasant hours have I spent over these *Works* beside the Brandywine, only a few miles up-stream from the farms and gardens where Sir William's American descendants still live. In this region of "blissful pastoral seclusion," as Bayard Taylor called his home-land, it seems fitting to say something of our noble author and his devotion to the country life.

I take it that your true book-lover extends his affection very easily to old red-brick country mansions, to fragrant box hedges and old-fashioned flowers; he holds dear the very locusts that hum so drowsily in warm August noons, the sigh of the light summer wind among the beeches

Sir William Temple

and soft evergreens, the red cherry leaves drifting across the orchard grass. He need only look into his heart, in order to write, with Cowley,

“Ah, yet, ere I descend to the Grave,
May I a small House and large Garden have,
And a few Friends, and many Books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful, too!”

To come upon Sir William Temple's essay, "Of Gardening," is like finding pale rose-petals between the pages of some cherished volume. This "sweet garden essay," as Charles Lamb termed it, recalls half-forgotten days of long ago in our grandmothers' gardens; the songs of childhood, the spicy pinks beside the wall, the old formal portraits in the "best room"—such memories awake at the opening of one of these old books. And in our author's stately discourse, "Of Health and Long Life," I hear once again the staid Quakers—Temples and others—who around the "First-day" dinner exchanged advice on this same vital theme, seasoning their homely recipes with a certain flavor of old-time speech. To the boy beside them their words seemed formal and perhaps lacking in humor; but his reading in sundry journals and epistles of seventeenth-century Quakers has since convinced him that those grave but cheery country folk spoke and wrote a diction that has come straight from the days of Penn and Temple, a diction that is charming for its unfailing dignity, mingled with affectionate friendliness. Almost can I hear again the old, broad-brimmed, drab-coated J—— W—— of my boyish reverence as I read Sir William Temple's opening observation on Health:

Brandywine Days

"Peace is a public blessing, without which no man is safe in his fortunes, his liberty, or his life. . . . Health is the soul that animates all enjoyments of life, which fade and are tasteless, if not dead, without it."

Very cheery and affable a host and table companion was good Sir William, delighting in making those about him happy and easy; very skilful in avoiding disputes and in turning his conversation, as his sister avers, "to what was more easy and pleasant, especially at table, where, he said, ill humour ought never to come, and his agreeable talk at it, if it had been set down, would have been very entertaining to the reader, as well as it was to so many that heard it. He had a very familiar way of conversing with all sorts of people, from the greatest princes to the meanest servants, and even children, whose imperfect language and natural and innocent talk he was fond of, and made entertainment out of everything that could afford it."

Such pictures rise as I turn the pages of these old volumes of Temple's *Works* here by the Brandywine; and I am happy in believing that such a type of conservative, affable, friendly, democratic country gentleman is not a lost type, and that in some of these long-settled families among the ancient farms up and down the stream these noble characteristics still survive.

THEOCRITUS

*"O Singer of the field and fold,
Theocritus! Pan's pipe was thine,—
Thine was the happier Age of Gold.*

*"For thee the scent of new-turned mould,
The bee-hives, and the murmuring pine,
O Singer of the field and fold!"*

JUNE XXIV. Professor Palgrave once said that Keats' *Ode to Autumn* is such a poem as Theocritus might have delighted to compose; and indeed the lovely realism of Keats' perfect pastoral is in the best mode of the earlier singer, with its impassioned vision of Autumn's goddess drowsing beside the half-reaped furrow among twined flowers, or dreamily musing by the dripping cider-press, while all about are laden vines and apples blushing red, sweet nuts and unending wealth of September's golden flowers. With soft adagio of insect-swarms, bleat of sheep and twitter of homing swallows, the poem dies down like the close of some enchanting melody. Truly, Theocritus himself could not have reported the pensive hours of early autumn in southern England more faithfully, more tenderly!

Conversely, we may well imagine with what exquisite report Keats might have immortalized afresh—could he have visited Sicily—that land of ilex and iris, of mossy fountains and vineyards ages old, of wild roses and galingale and sleepy poppies, where the yellow spurge

Brandywine Days

blooms in the lava rifts and the broken columns of antique temples are festooned with rose-vines,—that land where amid the countryside simplicity every shepherd is a natural poet and Daphnis and Lycidas still pipe on rustic flutes beside their straggling flocks.

From Keats back through Browne of Tavistock, Spenser, and Lincolnshire's delightful Barnabe Googe, we might trace the slender silver stream of English pastoral lyric to its fountain-head in the eclogues of Virgil and his master Theocritus. Beyond the Sicilian we should deal with his teacher Philetas of Cos and with those idyllic poets of the Linus-song that pass vaguely across one page of the *Iliad*. But for us the earliest pastoral verse is the verse of Theocritus, in some ten of those thirty idyls or "little pictures" that bear his beautiful name. "Who will open his doors," he asks, "and receive our Graces to his home?" Have not all the spiritual kinsfolk of the beloved Sicilian, from Virgil to Keats and Tennyson, received those Graces right warmly, loved and cherished them, and set them up as dear patron deities over the exquisite strains of the pastoral flute through all the ages?

"Oh, easy access to the hearer's grace
When Dorian shepherds sang to Proserpine!
For she herself had trod Sicilian fields,
She knew the Dorian water's gush divine,
She knew each lily white which Enna yields,
Each rose with blushing face;
She loved the Dorian pipe, the Dorian strain."

Where breathe the Dorian pipe, the Dorian strain,
more authentically than in that most ancient lament of
Thyrsis for Daphnis the dead shepherd, composed in that

Theocritus

soft later Doric dialect whereby Theocritus so faithfully reproduces the rural patois of his simple and friendly peasant folk? Like the sweet whispering of a pine-tree by a well of living water are the pipings of his mate the goatherd, surpassed by Pan alone,—so avows Thyrsis. In return, the goatherd likens the song of Thyrsis to the melody of streams that fall forever from the cliff. So, beneath elm shadows and beside the homely wooden images of the gods of field and garden, these rustics ply their sylvan minstrelsy. The prize—a fair, two-handled drinking-cup—is portrayed with loving elaboration: a deep new-carven cup, engarlanded with ivy-twine about its brim, with honeysuckle and saffron fruitage. Engraved thereon standeth a damsel dreamy-sweet, round whom contend her fair-haired lovers. On another panel of the cup is carved an old fisherman, stoutly dragging his casting-net. Hard by, a lad looks upon two foxes that rob a vineyard; he is plaiting a seemly cricket-trap, this lad, from corn and rushes, joyously working at the soft wicker mesh. Lissom briar entwines the goodly cup; the prize has cost the goatherd a great white cheese; and all its virgin beauty shall belong to Thyrsis, if he will but chant his master-song, the Death of Daphnis.

Whereupon the shepherd invokes the muses of bucolic elegy,—*“Begin, sweet Maids, begin the sylvan song!”*—and then he chants of Daphnis,—Daphnis who now adown the mournful stream of forgetfulness hath gone forever,—Daphnis, dear to the deathless Muses,—Daphnis, whom Aphrodite, heavy of heart, lamented,—Daphnis, who nevermore by glen or glade or woodland green shall roam as of old, a joy to every creature of the field.

Brandywine Days

Thus soundeth the Death-song of Daphnis, prototype of every noble threnody of later ages. From that simple but highly artistic poem of the Sicilian shepherd-muse have come the inspiration and imagery of our great English elegies. The wailing grief, the yearning iteration of the dead shepherd's name, find echo in Spenser's lament for Sidney,

“Young Astrophel, the pride of shepherds praise,
Young Astrophel, the rusticke lasses love;
Far passing all the pastors of his daies.”

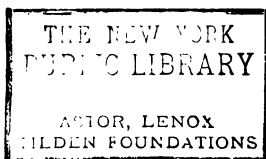
They echo immortally in the melancholy verses of the uncouth swain who sang to the oaks and rills his grief for Lycidas,

“dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.”

And how Shelley touched the Dorian flute, like a second Theocritus, in those unforgettable opening lines!—

“I weep for Adonais—he is dead!
Oh weep for Adonais! tho' our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head! . . .
Oh weep for Adonais—he is dead!
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep!”

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"Among the peaceful farms it flows"

THE BRANDYWINE AT SLUMBERVILLE

JUNE XXV

DOWN the dales of green Newlin,
 Among the peaceful farms it flows,
 And soft and dreamy is the song
 It chants and murmurs as it goes
Beside the woodland cool and still,
The Brandywine at Slumberville.

Where blow the freshening winds of June
 Across the green and silver oats,
And in the fragrant clover fields
 The robins trill their faery notes,
It drifts below the emerald hill
That guards old drowsy Slumberville.

Its clear green waters softly sing
 Among the green and waving reeds,
They softly sing among the stems
 Of green and crimson water-weeds,
They softly sing beside the mill
And dark mill-race at Slumberville.

By daisied meadows deep and sweet
 Where tranquil cattle dream and dream,
Our little river rambles on
 Full-fed by many a tribute stream;
O how its gleam and beauty fill
My vision of old Slumberville!

Brandywine Days

It is a morning for meditation ; and gazing out across hill after green hill fading impalpably in rainy distance, I think with affection of this ancient Pennsylvania shire, dear to the heart of every child of her :—

Old Chester County,—land of our delight,
Founded and watched by Penn, here in the wilds
Of his wide Commonwealth, in those far days
That now so ancient seem and so remote,
So dim with all the mist of vanished years:
Dear Chester County,—loved of all thy sons,
And best, I think, by those who forth have gone
From out thy borders, who around their hearths,
In twilight hours when sentiment awakes
And old remembrance warms the lonely heart,
Speak fondly of thy woodlands and thy hills;
Thy meadows musical with harvest cheer;
Thy long white barns where o'er the odorous mows
The never-resting swallows sweep and sweep;
Thy drowsy hamlets where the blacksmith's stroke,
Measured and clear, is oftentimes the sole sound
That breaks the quiet calm; thy breezy uplands
Browsed o'er by lazy cows and fleecy sheep,
And, best of all, thy softly-flowing stream,
Thy Stream of Beauty,—silver Brandywine.

Thy pleasant name, old Shire, from English vales,
There in the west by winding Dee, was brought;
And truly, of all tracts in our broad land,
These meadows soft and wooded hills most seem
Like those of ancient pastoral Cheshire there
In old-world England.

Morning Rain

And thy townships, too,
Pennsbury, Nottingham and Fallowfield,
Bradford and Warwick and the Coventries,—
Their names are redolent of England's fields
And England's ancient thorpes and manor-lands.
And green Newlin, two centuries ago
Settled and 'stablished by an Irish squire,
The friend of noble Penn,—green-hilled Newlin,
That, with old Drumore in the sister shire
Of Lancaster, my heart hath ever loved,
Rich in ancestral memories as they are, —
Their names I here inscribe with filial hand.

A WORLD OF GREEN

*"Oh, soft the streams drop music
Between the hills,
And musical the birds' nests
Beside those rills;
The nests are types of home
Love-hidden from ills,
The nests are types of spirits
Love-music fills."*

JUNE XXVIII. Lovely this valley of ours after
rain!

The harvesters drew in the last of their early hay last evening, and so could lie contentedly beneath the rafters while the summer storm raged through the night. All morning the wraiths of rain slanted across the landscape,—a vaporous silver veil; and the Brandywine rose with the flood of waters that rushed down every folding of its hundred hills. This late afternoon the sun has come out palely through sailing clouds, and the wide vale swims in misty gold.

We climbed the hill behind the apple trees and gazed long on the enchanting scene,—luscious meadows edged with tufted willows, reddening wheat fields, great rounded slopes of shorn hay-lands, and on many a far hilltop the shadowy, dreaming woodlands. Never have we seen such variety of soft green tints,—the uplands with their "pure light warm green" that Rossetti thought most lovable, the silvery emerald of half-ripe oats swaying in the fragrant

A World of Green

breeze, the liquid green of water-meads whose rushes and wild grasses are perpetually moist, the exquisite hazy green of bending water-willows, and the strange shining green of the young corn. In the meadows were scattered little pools, limpid and glassy and rainy-green, like those mysterious waters that gleam from the background of Leonardo's pictures. As Alice Brown has it,

"Lucent lagoons lie here berimmed with foam."

There was that in the vivid freshness of the landscape, blown over by the soft evening winds, odorous of sweet, moist hay, that suggested a scene along some river of Normandy or Old Provence in one of the lovely paintings of Corot. Thinking in this vein, and turning over this evening some prints of the great dreamer's works, I dwell especially on his *Dance of Nymphs, Evening*.

I muse before a landscape of Corot,
Wherein the Painter doth express
With soft, ideal loveliness
All that his loving heart would have us know,
All that his loving eye hath seen,
In this old-world idyllic dale,
Where silvery vapors pale
Hang o'er the little copse of tenderest green,
And from the flowery turf
Whose half-blown roses toss like faery surf,
Fair sisterhoods of slendor poplars rise,
Birches and tremulous aspens, delicate trees,
Diaphanous, vague and cool,—
While by the soft marge of the woodland pool,

Brandywine Days

Clear-sculptured on the saffron evening skies,
Sweet dryad forms sway in the breeze,
Sway,—and veer,—and softly sing
Enchanted harmonies to greet the Spring.

AMONG THE GOLDEN WHEAT

JUNE XXIX

IN these last hours of happy-hearted June,
When dewy clover-heads their fragrance spill,
When all the morn and drowsy afternoon
The clear, pure sunshine sleeps on mead and hill,
On orchards old and gardens green and still,
To bless with fertile heat,—
What joy to wander to some shady height
Where field on field lies spread before the sight,
And muse all day among the golden wheat!

Across the valley go the laden teams,
Piled to the ladder's top with sweet, light hay,
There where the Brandywine ensilvered gleams
As by low willowed banks it makes its way.
In far-off daisy fields as white as they
The young lambs softly bleat;
And little children through the happy hours
By yonder wood are gathering pale wild-flowers,
While I do naught but muse among the wheat.

How pleasant and delightful is it here,
Through this long, fragrant, languid day of June,
To watch the farmers at their harvest cheer
With merry converse and with whistled tune,—
To see them share their simple stores at noon
'Neath some old tree's retreat;—
To see the cattle with dark eyes a-dream

Brandywine Days

Wade in the cooling currents of the stream,
While I do naught but muse among the wheat!

Great snowy clouds are drifting down the sky,
And o'er the silence of the noon-tide hush
I hear the locust's languorous, hot cry;
From out the green depths of yon pendent bush
There pours the lyric music of the thrush;
And from this shady seat
I see the farmer's boys among the corn
Where they have toiling been since early morn,
While I do naught but muse among the wheat.

By mossy fences of this upland farm
The old sweet-briar rose is twining wild;
Dear flower, its old-time fragrance hath a charm
To wake forgotten thoughts and memories mild
Of those far years when as a pensive child
I came with wandering feet
To pluck these flowers, or ramble hand in hand
With him who never more across this land
May gaze or muse among the golden wheat.

Lo, while I dream, the wind stirs in the leaves,—
And hath this lovely day so quickly flown?
The harvesters have left the yellow sheaves,
And I am here upon the hills alone;
One sad ring-dove with melancholy moan
The vesper-hour doth greet.
Across the fields the sun is going down,
It gilds the steeples of the distant town,
And I must cease to muse among the wheat.

Among the Golden Wheat

Old Chester County, land of peaceful dales,
Of misty hills and shadow-haunted woods,—
I love the silence of thy pastoral vales,
The music of thy Brandywine that broods
And dreams through leafy summer solitudes
With murmurs dim and sweet.
All my child-heart, all glamour of old days,
Awake when thus I walk thy country ways
And muse in June among the golden wheat!

Brandywine Days

"Thou art the dark world's morning-star,
Seen only, and seen but from far;
Where, like astronomers, we gaze
Upon the glories of thy face."

Vaughan's book is one for reading in quiet hours of summer mornings, in rose-bowered arbors or under green willows beside a cool stream. Thus it is that I turn now and then to this old-world book of the Welsh poet.

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"By silver Brandywine's Arcadian stream"

NATURE'S HEALING

JULY II

*"Above all vocal sons of men,
To Wordsworth be my homage, thanks, and love."*

THE tired city and the hot-breathed streets,
The little children sad and wistful-eyed,
Pale, weary mothers, all the hopeless throng
That crowd the stifling courts and alleys dark,
Cheated of beauty, doomed to toil and plod
Year in, year out, in endless poverty
And seemingly forgotten of their God,—
These passed from sight but not from memory,
As forth I journeyed by wide-spreading lawns
And lavish homes of luxury, and saw
Extravagance, display, and worldly pomp,
And joyless people striving hard for joy.
I grieved for those sad children and the throngs
Pent in hot city walls; I grieved for these
Unthinking devotees of pride and show.
What medicine is there, what healing power,—
I mused,—to calm and soothe these suffering hearts
Stifled by poverty or dulled by wealth?
Is there no anodyne to heal them all,
No gift from God to lift them and console
And bring again the golden age to men?

Lo, turning to the loved and friendly page
Of Wordsworth's book beside me on the grass

Brandywine Days

By silver Brandywine's Arcadian stream,
I read how "Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."

BOOK-HUNTING IN LONDON

*"O to hunt books
In the Charing Cross Road!"*

JULY VI

LOOKING over my well-worn and best-loved old volumes this long rainy day, I am filled with many a memory of the places and times of acquiring these silent and faithful comrades. Those brought over-sea from book-shops in the Old World,—from Oxford and London, from the market-place in Verona, from ancient Strasburg,—possess their own charm. Most fascinating of all book-stalls are those of old London!

There is indeed no winter of discontent for one who goes book-hunting in Holborn and Charing Cross Road. The fog may be dense and the street lamps dim at noon-day, but for him who plies the delightful quest of old volumes the soft yellow haze adds a glamor and seems to shut him up in his own little sphere in deepest contentment of heart. Very near to Charles Lamb did I feel while idling in Booksellers' Row in late wintry afternoons. This old thoroughfare—now unhappily "improved" out of existence—lay somewhere near the route from the Temple to Christ's Hospital; and I doubt not that the young Charles found himself often there as he passed from cloister to cloister. Along these antique streets and by-ways, where clustered old book stalls, Charles Lamb may have had his early taste for leather-clad folios made the keener. He had long before been tumbled into the spacious closets of good old English

Brandywine Days

reading in the library of Samuel Salt, Esq., and had browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. In Booksellers' Row he might have found—as he later found at the Bodleian Library—the odor of old moth-scented coverings of folios and quartos as fragrant as the first bloom of those scintial apples which grew amid the happy orchards.

Old Books are best! I confess to that belief. Why else did I put aside the prim little *Shakespeares* in their fresh green leather, in the showy Holborn shop, and buy the old Malone variorum edition of 1803 in Booksellers' Row? Books associate themselves for us with the places where we bought them and the places where we read them. These old *Shakespeares* forever recall that yellow fog and that ancient stall on a certain December afternoon. The notes may not discuss the latest German theory of Hamlet's madness, but they are delightfully ample and leisurely, covering mostly the greater part of the page; and their obsolete wisdom is always vouched for by Malone, or Johnson, or Steevens, or T. Warton, or other old-time editors. Hardly will you meet with such a world of quaint annotation, save in Dr. Furness' generous pages, where the droll, strange editors of the Eighteenth Century find so kindly a welcome. *Old Books are best!* I think it, as I inhale the fragrance of the stout pages and caress the tarnished tree-calf covers of these twenty-one worn volumes of *Shakespeare's Plays*.

The folio of Spenser, whose epic Sir Walter Scott avowed he could read forever, and whom Lowell ranked along with Marlowe, his earliest favorite—Spenser's noble folio here on my desk has a singularly precious

Book-Hunting in London

association connected with it, for it was bought immediately after I came from the stately funeral of Lord Tennyson. The linking of the two august poets in this way has meant an added joy in the perusal of my copy of Spenser ever since that day. "No writer ever found a nearer way to the heart than he," thought Theophilus Cibber. I hold myself a Spenserian; and fortified by Keats and Scott and Lowell and Cibber, I shall continue to cherish and applaud Spenser's noble idealism and unmatched melody to the end. It is no mere fancy that makes those solemn services in the Abbey, and the dreamy hum of the old London streets—that "mery London," Spenser's "most kyndly nurse"—rise in memory in the happy summer hours that find me lingering over the "Shepheards Calender" or "The Faerie Queene" in this treasureable volume.

A few dollars will go a long way among London book-stalls. Little Eighteenth century editions of *The Spectator*, and of Pope and Gray and Cowper, may often be picked up for sixpence a volume. The flavor of antiquity clings to them; old names of former owners, and choice old faded book-plates, enrich the fly-leaves; the curious antiquated notes and the quaint type carry one back to the days of Queen Anne and the early Georges. One reads and reads these dear delightful books with a gusto that no recently published editions can ever give.

"By my troth, here's an excellent comfortable book; it's most sweet reading in it,"—how often may one exclaim thus, with old Dekker!

“ OLD FISHING AND WISHING ”

*“Then come, my friend, forget your foes,
and leave your fears behind,
And wander forth to try your luck,
with cheerful, quiet mind;
For be your fortune great or small,
you'll take what God may give,
And all the day your heart shall say,
‘‘Tis luck enough to live.’”*

JULY VII. Twenty years ago the Brandywine was an excellent stream for bass-fishing. I well remember the patient elderly anglers who would sit beneath our willows and watch their corks the day long, turning homeward at evenfall with choice strings of bass. And when the stream was unusually clear, we could spy these dark fish down in the cool water above the smooth sand-beds,

Now winnowing the water with clear gills,
Now darting with a flash of purple fin
Far into watery shades and silent homes
Of willow roots beneath the sedgy bank,
Or shadowy chambers in the sunless rocks.

But, recently, the German carp have been introduced by some enterprising citizens, and as a result the bass have yielded ground, or, rather, water,—to the intruders. Save for “them six big bass” that an ancient villager boasts of having “ketched” in the stream last summer, I have not heard of a haul of these fine and lamented beauties for

“Old Fishing and Wishing”

many a day. The carp have the Brandywine almost to themselves, and we can see them,—large whitish fellows,—vaulting out of the water daily. But are the carp ogres among the fish tribes, driving out the finer sorts? I can fancy the alarm of the young fall-fish and the baby bass when one of these big-eyed, leathery monsters comes sweeping in among their innocent schools. How they must flee in consternation to their mothers’ sheltering fins! So I think that, with the coming in of the carp and the going out of the bass, we have fallen on evil days.

Yet one cannot but feel some tenderness for the intruders, when he finds honest Walton averring that “the *Carp* is a stately, a good, and a subtle fish, a fish that hath not (as it is said) been long in *England* but said to be by one Mr. *Mascall* (a Gentleman then living at *Plumsted* in *Sussex*) brought into this Nation.”

Rambling along agreeably with his carp-lore, the gentle Izaak informs his pupil “that they breed more naturally in Ponds than in running waters, and that those that live in Rivers are taken by men of the best palates to be much the better meat.”

The carp is by all odds the most considerable and stately of our Brandywine fish; not even our old villager’s generous imagination can raise a bass to the proportions of a full-grown carp. In triumph let me quote from the *Compleat Angler* in support of my statement to doubting relatives as to the “great and goodly fish” I saw leaping and lunging in the shallows the other day:—

“The *Carp*, if he have water room and good feed, will grow to a very great bigness and length: I have heard, to above a yard long; though I never saw one above thirty

Brandywine Days

three inches, which was a very great and goodly fish." Ah, dear old Piscator, of what a "tried honestie" dost thou approve thyself in thy cautious phrase "I have heard"!

Walton, naively enough, recommends "hope and patience" to the angler for carp:—"I have knowne a very good Fisher angle diligently four or six hours in a day, for three or four dayes together for a *River Carp*, and not have a bite."

What a picture arises at the words,—philosophic old men dozing beside their poles under shady willows, seeming a veritable part of the sleepy Sussex or Staffordshire landscape itself! Few such long-enduring anglers, it is to be feared, would old Izaak discover on our side of the Atlantic, unless he could perchance awake in some such quiet corner as one of our Brandywine valleys.

Of baits for the carp there be many, says he, "of worms I think the blewish Marsh or Meadow worm is best." But the fisherman who hunts vainly for a worm of the proper "blewish" tint, may find comfort in Piscator's generous alternative,—“but possibly another worm not too big may do as well, and so may a Gentle; and as for Pastes, there are almost as many sorts as there are Medicines for the Toothach."

And for our Brandywine carp-fishers,—degenerates from the good old bass-days!—let me give Walton's closing counsel,—which I have always thought one of the gems from his "sweet Socratic lip":—

"And if you fish for a *Carp* with Gentles, then put upon your hook a small piece of Scarlet about this bigness □, it being soked in, or anointed with *Oyle of Peter*, called by some, *Oyl of the Rock*; and if your Gentles

“Old Fishing and Wishing”

be put two or three dayes before into a box or horn anointed with Honey, and so put upon your hook, as to preserve them to be living, you are as like to kill this craftie fish this way as any other; but still as you are fishing, chaw a little white or brown bread in your mouth, and cast it into the Pond about the place where your flote swims. Other baits there be, but these with diligence, and patient watchfulness, will do it as well as any as I have ever practised, or heard of; and yet I shall tell you, that the crumbs of white bread and honey made into a Paste, is a good bait for a *Carp*, and you know it is more easily made.”

O for the sweet, serene philosophy of this long-dead “Brother of the *Angle*,” who basked contentedly in the sunshine and had a “pitie” for “poor-rich men,” “men that are condemn’d to be rich, and always discontented, or busie”! How few of us to-day can say, with this old Seventeenth-Century sage, that “we enjoy a contentednesse above the reach of such dispositions”!

*“What trout shall coax the rod of yore
In Itchen stream to dip?
What lover of her banks restore
That sweet Socratic lip?
Old fishing and wishing
Are over many a year.”*

Thus wrote Louise Imogen Guiney, whose affinity for Walton and Vaughan and other worthies of the old Cavalier days makes her their “verie fitte” interpreter.

If I add a paragraph that has naught to do with my theme,—the *Carp*,—I may plead the example of that de-

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lightful follower of side-paths, Charles Lamb. I cannot refrain from copying out of my *Compleat Angler* (a portly little volume, secured from that last of old-fashioned book-sellers, Bernard Quaritch, in Piccadilly) a presentation-letter which I found in the Bodleian Library copy of the fifth edition (1676) of Walton's quaint book.

"For Mrs. Wallop

"I think I did some years past lend you a booke of Angling: This is printed since and I think better; And because nothing that I can pretend a tytell too, can be too good for you pray accept of this also, from me that am really

"Madam

"Yor most affectionate friend

"And, most humble servant

"Izaak Walton."

OLD HILLS MY BOYHOOD KNEW

JULY VIII

I

SHOULD I not hold them dear,
These harvest-laden hills around me here,
Old hills my boyhood knew,
Green hills beneath what skies of blue!—
Hills looking over fields with deep peace crowned,
Peaceful, beloved, ancestral ground.
Who would not count it joy
To roam the hills he roamed a happy boy!

II

Far off I see the men among the wheat;
The ox-teams, patient, slow;
The heavy sheaves piled up in yellow row;
I hear the field-lark's carol sweet,
The blackbird's gipsy call;
I see the tasselled corn-fields smile
For mile on emerald mile,
And cattle browsing under oak-trees tall
In meadows starred with tender flowers.
The long rich summer hours
Are none too long on this green height,
Beneath these gnarled old cherry trees
Where many a charming sight
Enchants me,—where the balmy breeze,

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This dreamy summer day,
Comes odorous from hills of hay
And fields of ripening oats,—
Where great cloud-shadows slowly pass
Across the waving grass,—
Where upward from the valley softly floats
The song of children wading there
In plashing waters silvery and cool,
Like oreads beside a forest pool
With dark and streaming hair.

III

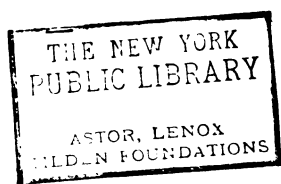
Across the landscape with low drowsy song
And golden flash and gleam,
Behold how happily our winding stream,
Our Stream of Beauty, flows along!—
Now under pendent boughs of silent woods
'Mid leafy solitudes,
Now rushing over rocks set long ago
By Indian anglers in gigantic row,
Now flowing where the flossy heifers feed
And white sheep nibble slow
In many a deep-grassed solitary mead,
Now winding under willow-bordered banks
Where lilies grow in yellow ranks
And water-weeds nod o'er the placid stream
Wrapt all in sleepy dream.

IV

O these are sights to make the pulses glow,
To touch with magic power,



"Long-loved oaken solitudes"



Old Hills My Boyhood Knew

To waken memories of long ago
And many a long-lost summer hour!
—Old harvest-laden hills around me here,
Should I not hold you dear,
Old hills my boyhood knew,
Green hills beneath those skies of blue!

THE CHILDREN

*"All heaven hath dreamed and smiled
In the sweet face of a child."*

JULY IX. "Put the children into your *Hour-Glass*," urges my Celtic friend, he whose heart is ever tender towards his own and all other winsome little folk. Yes, I reply,—but can you tell me by what magic one can express a tithe of the sunshine and charm and ineffable loveliness of childhood?

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy,"

says the magnificent Ode over whose creation Wordsworth pondered for well-nigh the Horatian period. Surely, we must leave to Blake and Wordsworth and Stevenson the portrayal of the eternal joy and artlessness of the child-heart.

The sweet seriousness and unconscious depth of character so often seen in the clear faces of children have attracted many a poet's wonder. Dinah Mulock Craik has described "A Child's Smile",—

"A child's smile,—nothing more;
Quiet, and soft, and grave, and seldom seen,
Like summer lightning o'er,
Leaving the little face again serene."

And how quaint and bonny is this stanza from Hugh Miller's Scotch poem, "The Babie"!

The Children

"Her een sae like her mither's een,
Twa gentle, liquid things;
Her face is like an angel's face—
We're glad she has nae wings!"

This beautiful ethical view of child-life, that sees the innocent soul shining through the little wistful face, dates from a century ago, when Wordsworth, radiant with spiritual vision and all the freshness of high poetic youth, was giving forth his exquisite lines in portrayal of real or ideal maidenhood,—

"Her's the silence and the calm
Of mute, insensate things!"—

"Beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face;"—

"She seem'd a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years;"—

"A face with gladness overspread;
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred;"—

lines, it seems to me, matchless for their simple beauty and spiritual pathos. Yet matchless as they are, they find no mean echo in the utterance of later singers, as when Lowell writes of his daughter,—

"I know not how others saw her,
But to me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the heaven she came from
Still lingered and gleamed in her hair,"—

or when Frederick Locker thus addresses his winsome child:

Brandywine Days

"Your calm, blue eyes have a far-off reach.
Look at me with those wondrous eyes.
Why are we doomed to the gift of speech
While you are silent and sweet and wise?
You have much to learn; you have more to teach, Baby mine."

So with scores of simple and tender lyrics of childhood. One could fill many a page with the fair little child-songs of old Herrick, the whimsical fantasies of Lewis Carroll, the sadly beautiful threnodies of Elizabeth Chapman for a lost boy. Charles Tennyson-Turner's sonnet should not be forgotten, telling how little Letty fondly patted her toy globe,—

"And while she hid all England with a kiss,
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair;"—

nor that grave, sweet elegy of our American laureate of childhood, James Whitcomb Riley,—

"And this is the way the baby slept;
A mist of tresses backward thrown
By quivering sighs where kisses crept
With yearnings she had never known;
The little hands were closely kept
About a lily newly blown
And God was with her. And we wept—
And this is the way the baby slept."

Here, by the old flag-paven porch, sits little Brown-Eyes, blowing bubbles; she is enthralled by the perfect spheres of iridescent film that float so faerily from the pipe, hover an instant, and then fail into nothingness. The evanescence of these strangely fascinating water-balls is an emblem of the charm of children's ways, their tears

The Children

and smiles that chase each other like the rains and suns of April.

Last evening, in the gathering twilight, I watched a bonny little maiden and her blue-eyed cousins flitting among the evergreens and the half-shut roses. Like spirits they seemed in the shadowy air, ethereal forms,—like those of which the Greeks dreamed, and which people the silvery glades of Corot's forest-sides. At last, wearied with their frolic, they came and asked for a story,—they who had been acting there, with sweet grace and abandon, a Greek pastorage of thirty centuries ago,—calling poor me from my reverie and seeking the consolation of a twilight tale that could be to their innocent drama but as clay to fine gold! Ah, little ones, what unsuspected power and fascination is yours!

And now in the sweet shadowy hour they troop off towards the house, like homing birds seeking the nest, and they are chanting as they go the favorite song of little Bunny,—the jocund refrain of Autolycus,—

“Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.”

OLD-TIME ECLOGUES

*"And asked who thee forth did bring,
A shepherds swaine, saye, did thee sing
All as his straying flocke he fedde."*

JULY X. Looking over some notes of browsings among the pastoral poets of England, I revive this afternoon my devotion to the earlier eclogues; and mine ancient friend Barnabe Googe seems to sound his rural pipes among our green Brandywine meadows.

Some sixteen years before Spenser, prince of the pastoral muse, made use of the term "eclogue," it was appropriated by Googe, whose own quaint name smacks of homely shepherding and rustic revelry. In his engaging little book, *Eglogs, Epytaphes, and Sonnettes*, of 1563, our Barnabe writes with old-fashioned joy in country comforts, as in this very charming shepherd avowal:

"Menalcas best we nowe departe,
my Cottage us shall keepe,
For there is rowme for the, and me,
and eke for all our sheepe:
Som Chestnuts have I there in store
with Cheese and pleasaunt whaye,
God sends me Vittayles for my nede,
and I synge Care awaye."

Ere yet the silver Avon knew the boy Shakespeare and his love for the idyllic countryside, Barnabe Googe was sounding his tuneful oat and essaying his old-world melodies by Lincolnshire fields and hedgerows. And with all

Old-Time Eclogues

his English rural flavor, he was not forgetful of the nomenclature of the ancient bucolic poets, for his eight "Eglogs" yield such old familiar shepherd names as Daphnes, Amintas, Dametas, Menalcas, Melibeus, Coridon, Silvanus,—an Arcadian company, surely!

The elaborate and delightful recording of rustic debates and meditations, which renders so memorable a charm in Edmund Spenser's pastorals, harks back to the earlier and simpler poet. Thus the venerable Amintas, in *Egloga Prima*, closes his homely discourse in this wise:

"And thus an end, I weryed am,
my wynde is olde, and faynt;
Such matters I do leave to suche,
as finer farre can paint,
Fetche in the Gote that goes astraye,
and dryve hym to the folde,
My yeares be great, I wyl be gone,
for spryngtyme nyghts be colde."

OXFORD'S IDEALIST

He loved the comeliness upon the face
Of things, their excellence and grace,—
Old memoried mansions, rippling wheat,
The eyes of little children wistful-sweet,
The vesper-songs in Oxford's stately nave;

He cherished recollections of still hours
Of musing in grey old-world shrines
Or reading his loved poets 'mid the vines
And honey-hearted flowers
Of Oxford's slumbrous gardens; and he gave

Deep utterance to these in perfect speech
Such as the Greeks alone might reach,—
Moving with music, golden-sweet of tone,
Glowing like some rich stone,—
A speech that may not be
Surpassed in charm or high felicity.

JULY XI. Walter Pater discoursing on Raphael in Oxford on a summer evening,—I can never forget his dreamy, absorbed manner, his measured half-chanting of his sentences,—sentences with such a flavor!—as thus: "*Yet Plato, as you know, supposed a kind of visible loveliness about ideas. Well! in Raphael, painted ideas, painted and visible philosophy, are for once as beautiful as Plato thought they must be, if one truly apprehended them.*"

Oxford's Idealist

From that day to this I have dwelt under the spell of a master of no ordinary power and charm, a master who through all his pages,—whether he revive with fresh glory the pure, calm faith of the old Greeks, or the strange, rich life of the middle ages; whether he report his vivid impressions of an ancient Norman church or of a centuried and fragrant London garden, or of a band of athletic youth beside the Thames at Oxford,—through all his beautiful discourse, cherishes and preaches the *passion for perfection*.

As I look over his well-beloved books to-day, here in the tranquil shade of the oaks, beside the low-murmuring Brandywine,—I realize afresh that Walter Pater was one who drew disciples about him, and made them for all time the lovers and champions of goodness and of beauty, by force of a “sweet attractive kind of grace” that distinguished the man and his words. Like many of the most successful of teachers, Walter Pater made little direct appeal to noble living; rather, he preferred to uphold a comely idealism by his devoted interpretation of the best in art and letters and human conduct. He was beloved by the finer strain of Oxford students; to their youthful enthusiasms he offered a distinct fascination in all that he spoke or wrote. Amid the controversies of noisier studies Pater followed a peaceful path apart, and drew around him the elect souls of each new generation of students. A sort of latter-day Plato, he seemed, truly; and like that first of idealists and prophets of beauty, he left behind him a circle of followers who cherish his memory as something fragrant and consecrated. At a university where polemics and theology and politics clamored for the stu-

Brandywine Days

dents' attention, it was no small thing, wrote an editor at Pater's death, in 1894, "to have a scholar who steadfastly taught the beauty and excellence of literature adorned by art, and of art enlightened by literature for their own sakes alone."

Surely, of all places in the world, ancient Oxford seems the high home of Idealism; and in the last two generations Walter Pater has been Oxford's Idealist par excellence. It was of Oxford that one of Pater's student-friends sang:

"There Shelley dreamed his white Platonic dreams;
There classic Landor throve on Roman thought;
There Addison pursued his quiet themes;
There smiled Erasmus, and there Colet taught.

"That is the Oxford, strong to charm us yet;
Eternal in her beauty and her past.
What though her soul be vexed? She can forget
Cares of an hour; only the great things last.

"Only the gracious air, only the charm,
And ancient might of true humanities;
These, nor assault of man, nor time, can harm;
Not these, nor Oxford with her memories.

"Think of her so! the wonderful, the fair,
The immemorial, and the ever young:
The city sweet with our forefathers' care;
The city where the Muses all have sung."

How did Walter Pater inculcate his idealism? Chiefly through biography—through biography, spiritualized and glorified for his beautiful purpose, it may be, but always portraying some real or imagined youth ardently *seeking for perfection*. Thus it is for youth that Pater holds his

Oxford's Idealist

special charm, and for the youthful in every heart. A peculiarly lovable author he becomes to those who learn to know him aright, to be cherished as Sidney and Shelley and Keats are cherished, as Wordsworth and Emerson are cherished, for sake of the messages conveyed by these noble spirits in language of incomparable power and beauty.

*"Interpreter of beauty, he revealed
Some subtler shade of unimagined grace
In all the loveliness that earth can yield,
Of far blue hills, or Mona Lisa's face;
In Marius, in Gaston's poignant fame,
He has portrayed the spirit's 'gem-like flame'."*

BION AND MOSCHUS

*"Would that my father had taught me the craft of a
keeper of sheep,
For so in the shade of the elm-tree, or under the rocks
on the steep,
Piping on reeds I had sat, and had lulled my sorrow to
sleep!"*

JULY XII. Oriental and opulent of languorous beauty is the first idyl of Bion, lamenting the death of Adonis. Lovers of our great English threnodies find here foreshadowings of the elegiac art of Spenser and Milton and Shelley.

All nature is sorrowful,—the mountains and the oaks, the rivers and the fountains, the lovely flowers; yea, the Graces and Oreads grieve with Aphrodite for her perished darling. Truly an immortal elegy, whose wistful and pensive harmonies reach us across the ages!

Among versions of Bion and Moschus, that of Lloyd Mifflin,—a poet's own re-making, rather than too close a transcript,—commends itself; it is the work of one who in his own original verse has shown himself unmistakably of the pastoral brotherhood. In ten sonnets Mr. Mifflin modernizes *The Lament for Adonis*:

*"Gone is that golden voice of mellowest tone,
Perished the love-light of his glowing eyes,
And I am left all desolate and alone!"*

Thus laments the inconsolable Cypris.

Bion and Moschus

"Through the lone woodlands is her anguish borne."

In the very spirit of Sicilian pastoral song is this passage from Sonnet IV:

"*Woe, woe for Cypris!* all the mountains say;
While all the oaks, from every ancient limb,
Make solemn answer, *Woe, ah, woe for him!*
And mourning fills the groves, and glooms the day.
The murmurous rivers purling in the vale
Moan for lorn Aphrodite as they go."

Many a happy line and descriptive phrase adorns these sonnets, as this of Adonis:

"Following thy hounds at earliest flush of dawn
While in the fern yet sleeps the dappled fawn."

In Mr. Mifflin's sonnet-versions from Moschus there abound the same sure felicity and fine poetic touch; here is his beautiful fourth sonnet from *Europa and the Bull*:

"Then timid she arose and went to seek
The maidens of her train,—the lily girls
Whose loosely-filleted and wandering curls
Clustered around each glowing, rosy cheek;
Daughters that noble sires plain bespeak,
With voices sweeter than the morning merles,—
Fresh buds of rarest maidenhood, the pearls
Of purple Lyre,—sea-crowned queen antique.
In all Europa's sports they would engage,
And their most beauteous bodies oft would they
Bathe where the silver rivers meet the sea,
Or in the dance float on in bright array;
Then on some flower-marauding pilgrimage
Together pluck the lilies of the lea."

Brandywine Days

Here, again, one would fain linger to write down certain lines and half-lines from these sonnets, as—

. . . "they heard the tunes
Sung by the surge across the sleeping mere."

This, of the Bull, might well have come from Spenser's quill:

"He came into the meadow in his pride
Among the beauteous daughters gathered there;
And they had yearnings deep to touch his hair
And lay their white hands on his silken hide."

What a sense of lorn and remote and helpless grief in this!—

"But when no longer landmarks could be seen,—
Far from surf-beaten headlands of her home,
Or lofty cliff well-loved, along the shore,—
When all was moving mounds and wastes of green
With dark illimitable fields of foam,
Her voice brake forth."

The dirge for Bion has been made into twelve sonnets by Lloyd Mifflin. I must refrain from further quotation,—only expressing the hope that, as this poet has proven himself so thoroughly at one with the Sicilian pastoralists, he may some day turn the idyls of Theocritus into melodious sonnets for our delight.

ONE OF THE ELIZABETHANS

JULY XIII

AN old author of delightful quality whose volume has a place of honor in my summer library by the Brandywine, is Robert Greene.

Among the fellows of Shakespeare, this author endears himself to me for his innocent fancy and wit, his praise of lowly contentment, and his portrayal of English country scenes. He gives us, too, those intimate autobiographic touches which are so rare with the shadowy Elizabethans. Thus he tells of his college career,—he attended St. John's, Cambridge, later the *Alma Mater* in turn of Jonson and Herrick and Wordsworth,—and of his early London days, with engaging frankness.

"Being at the University," he writes, "I light among wags . . . with whom I consumed the flower of my youth. After I had by degrees proceeded Master of Arts, I left the university and away to London, where I became an author of plays and a penner of love pamphlets, so that I soon grew famous in that quality, that who for that trade grown so ordinary about London as Robin Greene?"

Italian love tales were in vogue, and the English wits copied their mannerisms and their intricate plots. Fickle swains, rich old men, faithful nurses, sighing damsels, are found in all these stories. The conversations are artificial, adorned with alliteration, and enriched with allusions to Jove, Ulysses, Jason, Æneas, Ceres, and all the ancient hierarchy.

Brandywine Days

Mamillia. A Mirrour or looking glasse for the Ladies of Englande (1583) seems to have been Greene's earliest venture. The background is Italian, the common scene for many of the romances and dramas of the period, and familiar to us in Orsino's palace and Olivia's garden, or in the wondrous moonlight musings of Lorenzo and Jessica, or the woeful tragedy of Verona's deathless lovers.

The Myrrour of Modestie (1584), *Morando* (1584), *Gwydonius*, *The Carde of Fancie* (1584), *Planetomachia* (1585),—these romances our author poured forth with ready pen. Not until Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* startled the literary world with its "high astounding terms," in 1586 or '87, is Greene known to have turned to the writing of plays and to have mingled dramatic with narrative authorship.

An example of Greene's mastery of the prevailing euphuism of his day may be found in this epistle (letters and soliloquies being interspersed frequently in all such works), wherein a lady rejects an offer of marriage,—

"Maister Gwydonius, your letter being more hastelie received than heartilie read, I p̄ceive by the contents that you are stil perplexed with your pen-sick passions, and that your disease is incurable, for if your paines may be appeased or your maladie mittigated by no medicine but by my meanes, you are like either to pay your due unto death or stil to linger in distresse. My cunning is to smal to enterprise the composition of anie secrete simples, and my calling to great to become a Phisition to such a paltering patient." This curious letter exhibits not only typical alliteration, but cunningly inwrought parallelism and double antithesis. We know how tellingly such stilted court-

One of the Elizabethans

speech was satirized by Shakespeare in the mincing daintiness of Osric, who, to use his own words to Laertes, was in truth, "an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing."

In spite of much that is amusingly artificial in these little stories of Greene's, there is yet in them all,—and in his plays as well,—an underlying ethical quality, a sympathy with what is pure and noble, that redeems them in full. Thus *Perimedes the Blacke-Smith* (1588) represents a poor smith and his wife as telling stories which in "homely dialogue, romance, and song teach patience in adversity, the just restraints of life, true love, and peace in settled low content." In his dedication Greene describes the piece as "the tattle between a smith and his wife, full of diverse precepts interlaced with delightful histories."

"Fair is my love for April in her face," a song in *Perimedes*, strikes that note of delightful naturalism which blossomed into such wealth of beauty in the hands of Greene and his compeers.

"So as she shows, she seems the budding rose,
Yet sweeter far than is an earthly flower,"—
"Ah, when she sings, all music else be still,
For none must be comparéd to her note;
Ne'er breathed such glee from Philomela's bill,
Nor from the morning-singer's swelling throat":—

In the freshness and buoyancy of such lines one finds the charm that appealed to Lowell, who said of certain of Greene's verses that they have "all the innocence of the Old Age in them."

Into his title-pages Greene put a deal of quaint fancy.

HOME SCENES

JULY XIV

(To W. H. R.)

I THOUGHT of thee, old friend, and knew thee
wise,
True lover of our Chester County skies.

Why should I read the golden page of Keats
When all our fields are rich with balmy sweets,
When all our woodland ways are fair with flowers
And birds that sing away the summer hours?
Why over Walton's "*Angler*" should I dream
When here beside our soft and silver stream
The meadows are as green, the heavens as blue
As ever Walton's old-world rivers knew?
Why ponder Shelley with such fine despair
When Newlin sunsets are as rosy-fair
And our great hill as lovely landscapes yields
As Shelley knew in well-loved English fields?

"Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song,"—
Ah me, the centuries have rolled along
Since Spenser sang his marriage-song divine;
Yet here beside the dreamy Brandywine
In this green oaken glade, his lovely lay
Sounds its immortal melody to-day.
By these green softly-sloping Newlin hills
Are blooms as sweet as Herrick's daffodils,
As fragrant here the roses in the rain

Home Scenes

As Herrick loved in any Devon lane;
And I who worship Wordsworth over all
And to his wondrous verse am willing thrall,
Were not more happy in Westmoreland woods
Than in these long-loved oaken solitudes,
In Cumbrian pastures find not deeper charm
Than in the tranquil fields of this old farm.

Last night I mused o'er many a golden lyric
Of Wordsworth and of Keats and quaint old Herrick;
Their old-world music carried me in dream
To many an English mead and English stream; —
But when this morn I watched the soft sun shine
On green pools of the sleepy Brandywine,
I thought of thee, old friend, and knew thee wise,
True lover of our Chester County skies.
—Wander afar we may, but in the end
'Tis Chester County holds our hearts, old friend!

THE CHARM OF FLOWER-NAMES

JULY XV. ' One may often behold at his own doors the beauty that he seeks in vain abroad. So with us and the wild plants of our own Brandywine meadow. Until a botanical friend of ours,—who tempered his devotion to Virgil and Catullus and Cicero with an ever-increasing friendship with our Pennsylvania flora,—discovered for us the riches that lay so close, we little knew the possibilities of these acres where the cattle feed all summer. The buttercups and daisies, ironweed and wild carrot, that blow here in their seasons, we knew well; but when we learned that more than one hundred and fifty plants had their home in this grassy plain, it seemed a revelation. To copy the names of flowers has ever been a delight to me; but like Horace Walpole I love old-fashioned flowers too well to call them hard names,—so I give the fragrant garland here in my *Hour-Glass* according to the sweet and familiar titles that were dear to our grandmothers.

Some of the plants, then, found by our friend and follower of Dr. Darlington, were these,—wild clematis, meadow-rue, marsh-cress, blue violet, Bouncing Bet, purslane, St. John's-wort, wood sorrel, jewel-weed, sumac, rabbit-foot clover, cinquefoil, swamp rose, wild rose, hawthorn, service-berry, willow-herb, evening primrose, silky cornel, May apple, golden-rod, ragweed, cocklebur, Spanish needles, yarrow, daisy, thistle, dandelion, Indian tobacco, ground cherry, mullein, butter-and-eggs, vervain, wood-sage, peppermint, corn-mint, basil, pennyroyal, sage,

The Charm of Flower-Names

ground ivy, heal-all, motherwort, sheep sorrel, spurge, three-seeded Mercury, clear-weed, hornbeam, ladies' tresses, dog-flower, arrowhead, winter fern.

Truly a goodly and a redolent list!—and many of the names suggestive of the ancient brews and cordials which our great-grandmothers concocted from their field plants for the betterment of the family health.

"The search for these dear inhabitants of field and forest," writes our friend, "lends to life a new interest, which it is a pity so many should miss." These words I take as a gentle reproof of my own sorry ignorance of scientific botany. Wild flowers and garden flowers I love for their own beautiful and fragrant sakes, and for the literary and ancestral associations linked inseparably with so many of them, brought as they often were from the old English gardens; but as for the titles which the learned have given them,—there I am sadly lacking, and must go on speaking of rosemary and rue, lavender, marigolds and daffodils,—like Perdita,—to the end of my days.

How fascinating to ponder the charm that simple names hold for us!

—"Endymion,
The very music of the name has gone
Into my being!"

Thus mused Keats when entering with delight upon his writing of the loveliest of latter-day epics. Some isle of Greece, some English pastoral river, some half-remembered girl's name in an old song,—these have their unique enchantment; our thinking is imperceptibly moulded by

Brandywine Days

just that accident, and Lemnos or Wye or Dianeme speak to our mood as no other words could possibly speak. Across these wind-swept hills of green Newlin the fancy journeys to the sister-townships, near and far—Fallowfield, Marlborough, Uwchlan, Londonderry, Warwick, little Thornbury, and old Kennett's blissful meadows. Their beautiful Old-World names are indeed typical of the life of their inhabitants, who still happily retain many of the traits and conservative thought of those far-off forefathers who came over sea from the English and Welsh and Irish counties, and here named their rich farms and their villages and territorial divisions with the beloved home-names,—the same instinct that caused them to cherish the marigolds and roses and hollyhocks and other sweet old familiar friends of the ancient gardens of their grandmothers, and often to give to the New-World trees and birds and wild flowers names endeared through long association. I confess to a thrill at the very thought of all this;—it has a strange fascination!

In the drowsy old gardens of our Pennsylvania homesteads there is peace ineffable. Here broods the Silence praised of Maeterlinck,—and has brooded since long before that young dreamer's day. In an ancient Garden, if anywhere, the enchantment of names is strong!

The flowers of that old, old Garden of my childhood,—they haunt me with faded and ghostly beauty.

O there were scores of sweet old-fashioned blooms

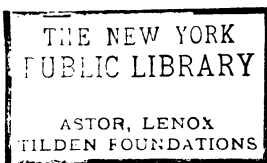
Dear for the very fragrance of their names,—

Poppies and gillyflowers and four-o'clocks,

Cowslips and candytuft and heliotrope and hollyhocks,



“Scores of sweet old-fashioned blooms”



The Charm of Flower-Names

Harebells and peonies and dragon-head,
Petunias, scarlet sage and bergamot,
Verbenas, ragged-robins, soft gold-thread,
The bright primrose and pale forget-me-not,
Wall-flowers and crocuses and columbines,
Narcissus, asters, hyacinths, and honeysuckle vines,

Foxgloves and marigolds and mignonette,
Dahlias and lavender and damask rose,—
Your fragrances and colors haunt me yet,
In memoried summers still your radiance glows;
My childhood held no happier hours for me
Than those amid your loveliness, O Flowers of Memory!

MIDSUMMER

*"To a tranquil one
Who leans through open windows of the leaves,
There's, either way, the gold of wheaten sheaves."*

JULY XVI. The opulent landscape of midsummer is indeed compelling in its tranquil beauty. The gleaming Brandywine idles among the low meadows, its course marked by the silver-green of many water-willows. The deep blue-green of the corn just putting forth soft tassellings, the luscious emerald or gold-green of the ripening acres of millet, the wheat fields yellow with stubble and brown with heaped-up sheaves, the stately shell-bark trees standing out in far pastures, and the great stretches of silent, dreaming woods paling to blue on the distant horizon,—all this forms an idyllic picture of surpassing charm. Up on the opposite hillside one white cottage stands out from the dense green, giving that single suggestion of human interest which so satisfies the eye as it meditates a pastoral landscape. Meadow-larks raise their sorrowful keen cries among the stubble, bobwhites whistle clearly, and the brooding voice of the ring-dove comes at intervals from the wood-edge.

The trusty horses move from pile to pile of sheaves around the sides of the field. When the load is complete, the wain comes rumbling down the hill with a screeching of locked wheels, and enveloped in a fog of gray dust rolls swiftly up the barn bridge, where the rich burden is tossed off into the wide mows. Across the hills other men are

Midsummer

performing the same harvest operations in other fields; and in this fair and fertile valley is enacted one of the epics of labor,—man gleaming from the bosom of Mother Earth bounteous sustenance for the winter to come,—the ancient, homely, eternal theme of the poets, from Virgil, singing so affectionately of

“Wheat and woodland, tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd,”

to our English Spenser and Herrick and their followers.

DREAM SHIPS

JULY XVII

THE great white ships go sailing
Above the Brandywine,
O'er leagues of azure trailing
Their fleet in fleecy line,
Then disappear forever
Above our little river
In silver mist and amethyst
High o'er the Brandywine.

I watch them as they wander
High o'er the Brandywine,
And see them vanish yonder
In strange and ghostly line.
Their masses none may number
In waking or in slumber,
So far aloft their passage soft
Above the Brandywine.

The great white ships go streaming
Above the Brandywine,
Their phantom pennons gleaming
In pure and snowy line,
With sure and steady steering
That knows no wreck nor veering
At golden noon or 'neath the moon,
High o'er the Brandywine.

Dream Ships

Through realms unknown to mortals
High o'er the Brandywine,
Up under Heaven's portals,
They sail in stately line;
Through rainbow and through thunder,
Through airy fields of wonder,
Their constant way they hold all day
Above the Brandywine.

Through dawn's enchanted splendor
Above the Brandywine,
Through sunsets rich and tender,
They pass in wondrous line.
In working and in play-time,
In harvesting and hay-time,
Right on they stream, those ships of dream,
High o'er the Brandywine.

O mighty cloud-ships sailing
High o'er the Brandywine,
In solemn glory trailing
Your heavenly battle line,—
Above our little river
Unresting and forever,
Your course you hold o'er seas of gold
Above the Brandywine!

AN "EXQUISITE SISTER"

"Methought

*Her very presence such a sweetness breathed,
That flowers, and trees, and even the silent hills,
And every thing she looked on, should have had
An intimation how she bore herself
Towards them, and to all creatures. God delights
In such a being."*

JULY XVIII. Dorothy Wordsworth, whom her brother thus portrayed, was the woman whose wonderful influence over him for five and fifty long years lent to his poetry certain height and depth and brightness otherwise perhaps unrealized; she was the "*exquisite sister*, . . . a woman indeed! In mind I mean, and heart . . . In every motion her most innocent soul outbeams,"—of Coleridge's sympathetic description.

To read in Dorothy Wordsworth's Journals is to see more perfectly into the special charm of the scenery of England and Scotland, and to come to fuller apprehension of Wordsworth's lyrical and meditative verse. Coleridge speaks of "her eye watchful in minutest observation of Nature." When she poured out her emotion in the pages of her journals, it was in the unmistakable Wordsworthian manner of minute and loving appreciation, as in the opening sentences, written January 20, 1798: "The green paths down the hill-sides are channels for streams. The young wheat is streaked by silver lines of water running

An "Exquisite Sister"

between the ridges, the sheep are gathered together on the slopes. After the wet dark days, the country seems more populous. It peoples itself in the sunbeams. The garden, mimic of spring, is gay with flowers."

Like some rich abundant passage from Theocritus seems her enumeration in many an entry in these incomparable Journals. She notes the redbreasts singing in the garden, a solitary sheep in a lonely field, young lasses on the hills in holiday gear, mothers with their little ones, tiny insects spinning in the sunshine, daisies in the grass, hazels in blossom, honeysuckles budding, an early strawberry flower under a hedge;—all this on a late day of winter. Homely activities of the kitchen-garden are mixed with picturesque observations, just as they occur; and the phrasing is of the simplest, or colorful, or magic in beauty, as fits the case. What are the records in Dorothy's pages for the month of June, 1800?—"A sweet mild morning. Read ballads. Went to church." Next day, Monday, instead of wash-tubs, we hear of poetical meditations; "I sate a long time to watch the hurrying waves. . . . The waves round about the little Island seemed like a dance of spirits that rose out of the water." She records fine moonlight frequently, and writes: "God be thanked, I want not society by a moonlit lake." One June evening Dorothy fetched home lemon-thyme and planted it by moonlight. Again we find her sticking peas, watering the garden, planting brocoli, sowing kidney-beans and spinach, noticing wild roses in the hedges; and, one warm, cloudy morning, walking with William in a valley all perfumed with the gale and wild thyme, and through woodlands bright with yellow broom.

Brandywine Days

No prose can be more delightful reading than these passages that shed unconsciously so much light upon the wondrous poetry of the man who was blest with an "exquisite sister."

VIRGIL OF THE ECLOGUES

JULY XIX

DEAR VIRGIL, could there be
More deep felicity
Than under oaks and elms delighted lying,
To hear the shepherd swains
Piping their rustic strains
In amabocean measures softly dying;—
To hear the hum of bees
Below the orchard trees
And woodland doves in woodland shadows singing;
To watch the slow herds feed
Across the grassy mead
Where harvest cheer and harvest hymns are ringing!

Dear Virgil, through all years
Thy tranquil charm endears
These tranquil woods and fields of my affection;
Each shepherd song of thine
Beside the Brandywine
Touches my heart with kindly recollection.
O let me never cease
To love thy pastoral peace,
Thy tranquil charm and happiness undying;
Still let me dream of thee
In deep felicity
Beneath thy oaks and elms delighted lying!

Think of Young Milton pensively meditating the
“thankless Muse” beside some silver brook in the Horton

Brandywine Days

fields, touching the tender stops of various quills and portraying in matchless verse those country labors and landscapes, antique pastimes and upland reveries, that enchanted his poet's vision, or anon touching with wealth of lettered reminiscence the deeper tone of vague melancholy that is inseparable from the cultivated mind musing the innocent joys and sorrows of the rural world. If we can thus fancy Milton amid

"Such sights as Youthful Poets dream
On Summer eves by haunted stream,"

we shall, I believe, come nearer than otherwise we might, to seeing in imagination's eye the far-off figure of young Virgil wandering under beechen shades beside smooth-sliding Mincius, while he sets to stately hexameter music his pleasing dreams of shepherd-life in that old, old Italy of his that seems to us so remote, so bathed in the hoary mists of ancient days.

Antique rural Italy seems to live again to one who will but roam for a few days among the groves and farms of the old land. The little stone-built villages, whose origins are lost in forgetfulness,—old even in Virgil's day,—the deep-grassed meadows where simple rustics tend the white flocks, the old brown fields tilled and reaped for century on century,—these may in some measure put the traveller in touch with the Mantua of Virgil's bucolic songs. At every turn he will thrill to find the Eclogues,—their color and setting,—re-pictured. In yonder contented peasant's little grange he may see again the rustic happiness of Tityrus, whose fence of willow-trees was fraught with flowers, whose thrifty bees lulled the

Virgil of the Eclogues

shepherd with soft murmur, while from lofty elms the ring-doves moaned and told their gentle grief.

Peace and golden tranquillity are here, if anywhere,—

“Low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words.”

Here the shepherd's desires are fulfilled,—country fare of curds and cream, brimming milk pails, clustering grapes, hives that drip with honey, pastures for the flossy heifers and the woolly dams with their tender little ones. Yonder youth beneath the ilex might be another Corydon chanting to Alexis and telling how the nymphs are bringing for him their osier crates heaped high with lilies and violets and poppies, with narcissus and fragrant fennel, twining them with casia and choosing the delicate hyacinth and marsh-marigold. Downy-cheeked quinces will Corydon give, and the chestnuts dear to his Amaryllis, and waxen plums,—all blending their fragrance and luscious bloom.

Amant alterna Camenae!—it sounds across all the centuries; Menalcas and Damoetas engage again in rustic rivalry, with friendly Palaemon as umpire. Again Mopsus and his fellow-shepherd lament the death of Daphnis and exchange gifts,—a pipe and shepherd's crook. Again does Corydon triumph in the contest of pastoral minstrelsy.

Ex illo Corydon Corydon est tempore nobis. Ah, truly, amid the hum of bees and drone of locusts, o'er sheep-downs sweet with flowery thyme and daffodils, in that magical land of poesy and dream,—pass before memory's eye, now moist with immemorial reminiscence, Virgil's shepherd swains and lovely girls, Tityrus and Meliboeus,

Brandywine Days

Corydon and Damon and Menalcas, Amyntas and Lycidas, Galatea, Neaera and Phyllis, Nysa and Amaryllis, like young figures from the Golden Age. What enchantment is theirs, what pathos, what immortal charm!

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“A land of peaceful quietude”

ADOWN THE BRANDYWINE

JULY XX

WHERE flows our dear idyllic Brandywine
Through flowery meadows green and deep and fair,
O come in summer afternoons divine!

Lay by thy load of care.

Who seeks for joy at Mother Nature's heart,
From haste and hurry must enfranchised be;
No breath from noisy street or toiling mart

Her loveliness must stain,

No memory of pain

Encloud her great and sweet simplicity.

A land of peaceful quietude is this,

Where weary-eyed Ambition comes not near,—

A home of happiness and rural bliss

Throughout the tranquil year.

O come and ramble in these reedy dells,

These barley-fields and uplands sweet with hay;

Come hear the lilies ring their fairy bells;

And by clear-watered rills

That wimple down the hills,

And through the tossing millet let us stray.

Then when the sun is drooping to the west,

And all the shadows reach out far and long,

When the wood-pigeon by her lonely nest

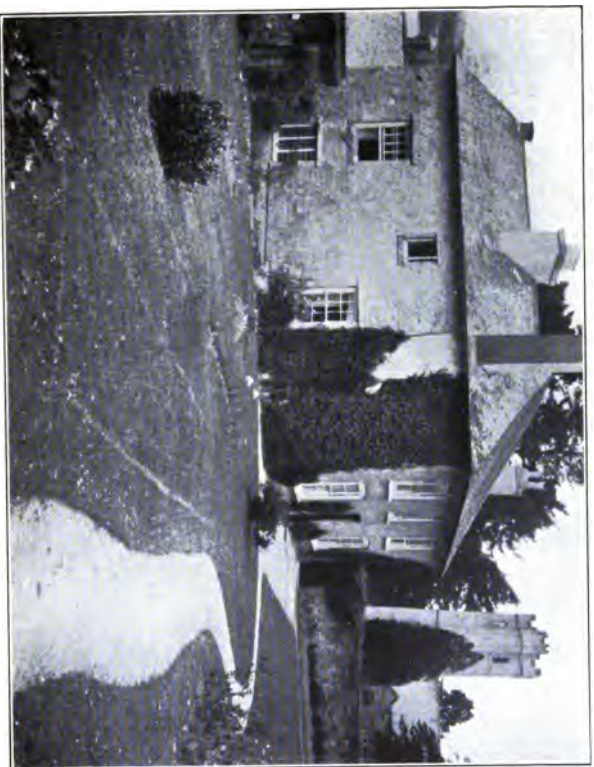
Begins her plaintive song,

AN HOUR WITH HERRICK

JULY XXI

HERRICK, thine *Hesperides*
Liveth through the centuries,
And thine ever-dewy page
Brings delight to youth and age.
There the rosy girls and boys
Share the homely country joys,—
Harvest-homes and revellings,
Quintels, wakes and wassailings.
There we see in dreamings rare
Silvia and *Sappho* fair,
Corinna who at break of day
Went with thee to fetch in May,
Anthea and *Perilla* tall,
And *Julia* loveliest of all.
In thy leafy Devon lanes
Piping quaint bucolic strains,
Neat-herds all their love express
To the buxom neat-herdess.

Thy Book the Arcadian life rehearses
In sweet and soft idyllic verses,
Silver odes and songs of gold,
Echoes of the days of old.
Nor doth it lack the sober page,
Devotions of thy vicarage,
Where thou yielddest many a gem
To the Babe of Bethlehem.



*The Home of
Robert Herrick*

*“A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather-proof.”*

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An Hour with Herrick

So we give a crown to thee,
Prince of Rural Minstrelsy;—
Nations fail and states decay,
Kings and senates pass away;
'Tis alone the golden Rhyme
Knoweth not the tooth of Time.
Herrick, thine *Hesperides*
Liveth through the centuries!

I once saw a copy of the first edition of Herrick's poems, with their title *Hesperides* which he must have hit upon with fine gusto of delight,—that title which he gave to the children of his fancy, born far in the west of England, in the "dull Devonshire" which he affected to despise. "*Hesperides: or, The Works both Humane and Divine of Robert Herrick Esq.*" That is the quaint heading of the title-page. And where but "at the Crown and Marygold in Saint Pauls Churchyard," should the elect few, who had then the wit to discern its charm, purchase this golden volume in the stormy year of 1648-9, when it appeared!

In the old yellow pages and cumbrous spelling of this ancient volume, as I pored over it in a snug low corner of Bodley's library, the lovely poems of the master had for me an added fragrance, easily transporting me into those remote days when the ruddy Vicar of Dean-Prior rambled in Devon lanes and sang of

"The country's sweet simplicity,
The purling springs, groves, birds and well-weaved bowers,
With fields enameled with flowers;"

of the "Shepherd's fleecy happiness" and his soft "silken

Brandywine Days

slumbers" at night, and of every joy and innocent pastime of the countryside.

Herrick's home was an old-time cosy parsonage, and his *pets*,—his hen, his goose, his lamb, his cat and his dog, which he enumerates in his quaint poem, "His Grange, or Private Wealth,"—solaced his idler hours, we may suppose; for Herrick's were simple, old-fashioned pleasures. He was a true brother of Izaak Walton in the wholesome cheeriness and serene philosophy with which he took the world.

"Lord, thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell,
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weatherproof,
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry;
Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by th' poor,
Who thither come and freely get
Good words or meat.
Like as my parlour so my hall
And kitchen's small;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipped, unfled;
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
Make me a fire,

An Hour with Herrick

Close by whose living coal I sit
And glow like it."

My brother wrote of this poem, while visiting Herrick's antique village: "I can never forget the impress of that lovable and delightful poem of gratitude, in the light shed upon it by this small, quaint and simple fire-side, and cosy, small dining-room of the dear old poetic vicar." And the poem continues,—

"Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
The pulse is thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by thee;
The worts, the purslane, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Which of thy kindness thou has sent;
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet
To be more sweet."

Can such a poem of thanksgiving be surpassed for homely, affectionate piety, and avowal of contentment with the lot God has given? *Content* is Robert Herrick's word again and again.

"Or pea, or bean, or wort or beet,
Whatever comes, content makes sweet."

CONTENT, NOT CATES

"'Tis not the food, but the content
That makes the table's merriment . . .
A little pipkin with a bit
Of mutton, or of veal in it,
Set on my table, trouble-free,
More than a feast contenteth me."

Brandywine Days

Simple-hearted, sweet-souled Poet, what a lesson is thine to us of this over-busy twentieth century!

Herrick's "Argument of His Book" is a delightful and naïve bead-roll,—

"I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,
Of April, May, of June, and July flowers;
I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal cakes . . .
I sing of dews, of rains, and, piece by piece,
Of balm, of oil, of spice, and ambergris;
I sing of times trans-shifting; and I write
How roses first came red, and lilies white;
I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
The court of Mab, and of the fairy King.
I write of Hell; I sing, and ever shall,
Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all."

Very precise indeed is this charming catalogue of the objects which his muse has immortalized, for his pages are filled with springtime and summer, with roses and lilies and the "dainty daisy." Cherry blossoms and daffodils flutter across his lines, and birds and brooks carol from every corner. Ruddy swains dance round the May-pole in company with maidens that are "ruby-lipt and tooth'd with pearl." Here Lallage "with cow-like eyes" sits as judge while neat-herds pipe their pastoral ditties in friendly rivalry. Herrick's marriage-lays to young brides of his acquaintance are jewelled with gracious and delicate compliment; and his dainty lyrics on the fairies of the forest are, in the words of the old anthology where they first appeared, "very delightful to the sense, and full of mirth." In the immortal pages of the *Hesperides*, apple-cheeked children wander through corn-fields "a-flutter with

An Hour with Herrick

poppies," and "girls of flower-sweet breath" dip their "silvery feet" in "the spangling dew dredg'd o'er the grass," and pluck from golden orchards the "fragrant apples, blushing plums," the "Kathrine pears, and apricots in youthful years."

The hearty old rector addressed to young brides of his acquaintance marriage-lays jewelled with gracious and exquisite compliment. He could say the happiest things to the lasses of Devonshire, as when he wrote this,—

"UPON A VIRGIN KISSING A ROSE
'Twas but a single Rose,
Till you on it did breathe;
But since (me thinks) it shows
Not so much Rose, as Wreathe."

It is, of course, reminiscent of Jonson's splendid song, "Drink to me only with thine eyes." Anything the younger poet might achieve by way of echo from rare Ben's verse would be a happiness to him, for was not the veteran veritably canonized by his worshipful disciple,—

"When I a Verse shall make,
Know I have pray'd thee
For olde Religion's sake,
Saint Ben, to aid me.

"Candles I'll give to thee,
And a new Altar;
And thou *Saint Ben* shalt be
Writ in my Psalter!"

For me, Herrick's truest self speaks out in those small pieces wherein with innocent joy he sings of his homely contentment and his "own beloved privacie."

Brandywine Days

In the magic verse of this lovable old singer the hillsides of Devonshire become dewy-sweet and fragrant with an undying charm. Open the *Hesperides* where we will, and among its 1401 little poems we find such titles as these in this garden of delight,—“To Primroses Filled with Morning Dew,” “How Roses Came Red,” “To the Nightingale and Robin Redbreast,” “To Blossoms,” “How Marigolds Came Yellow,” “Harvest Home,” “An Apron of Flowers,”—and so on through hundreds of such flowery and idyllic titles that wreath themselves across the rosy pages where the poet doth with his

“Eclogues intermix
Some smooth and harmless Bucolics.”

With Herrick, in his honest love for his own lovely verse, we must agree that his volume is

“a plant, sprung up to wither never,
But like a laurel, to grow green forever.”

I quote again from my brother's impressions of Herrick's home village of Dean Prior: “I looked in upon the ancient kitchen and dining room, the very same in which good old Robert Herrick feasted on his garden's products and sat before his cosy fire and thanked God over and over for the joy of rural contentment and true and simple pleasures. With the great keys in hand the rector's wife led me down the by-road to the small, pretty church, whose old, solid, stout and sturdy battlemented tower remains as in Herrick's own day. Where Herrick lies may never be known, for his reverend dust was moved from inside the church, to rest beneath the sunshine and

An Hour with Herrick

the flowers he so adored, in an unmarked grave. The churchyard has a many-centuried yew, up which climbs dark ivy. One of the most picturesque Arcadian villages that ever I saw is Dean Prior, with thatched roofs, odd windows, flowers everywhere in endless profusion. Think of it, Herrick's parishioners lived in these very same old ancestral homes!"

I am thinking only of Herrick's pastoral quality, this July afternoon among our flowery meadows. Emerson reports of Channing the younger, that "he celebrates Herrick as the best of English poets, a true Greek in England." On winter nights by the ingle I often glow over Herrick's poems of comfort and honest good cheer that have in them so much that is Hellenic and Horatian.

All that is sweet and tender and lovable in the strange old country-life of England of three hundred years ago receives abundant celebration in Herrick's faultless and exquisitely limpid verse; and I know of no more delightful book to be owned in a country home,—to which members of the family may turn when daily duties press heavily and farm-labor seems all unpoetic. Let our youth find, in the blossomy pages of the *Hesperides*, how lovely a thing the out-door world may be when seen aright, and what idyllic joy in that country-life which Herrick has portrayed,—“a country-life,” says Austin Dobson, “which time has ‘softly moulded in the filmy blue’ of doubtful-est remoteness, and over which his poetry has cast its inalienable—its imperishable charm.”

Herrick, thine *Hesperides*
Liveth through the centuries!

SILVIA

JULY XXII. In a neighboring shire there is a wide valley where the little willow dells in April are softly beautiful like those of Corot; where in September the red apples lie heaped in the bowering orchards, and where the far woodlands take on in late autumn a veil of dreamy fawn and purple. Beneath great, hospitable trees in this valley stands an old-fashioned and most comfortable farmstead, among its hollyhocks and peonies, its marigolds and purple phlox. This is the home of our friend Silvia; we call her Silvia, for she seems like her of whom Shakespeare wrote, in those words that have an added loveliness when sung to the air whereto Schubert has mated them,—

“Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?”

This day Silvia has been with us, and under our tall oaks she has been telling us of her sojourn in Hellas,—for she is one of those who still hold to the old faith, placing Thought high above Fact, and believing with Shelley that

“Greece and her foundations are
Built below the tides of war,
Based on the crystalline sea
Of thought and its eternity;”

and she has strengthened her faith by long contemplation of the homes of Hellenic art and poetry. She has rambled

Silvia

in the Vale of Tempe, has seen the moon lighting the broken marbles of Phidias, and beheld the very fields where the shepherds of Theocritus long ago chanted their amabocan songs. With Bayard Taylor might Silvia say:

"Golden the hills of Cos, with pencilled cerulean shadows;
Phantoms of Carian shores that are painted and fade in the
distance;
Patmos behind, and westward the flushed Ariadnean Naxos,—
Once as I saw them sleeping, drugged with the poppy of summer."

She spoke of Sunium, bounded in springtime with the violet sea and backed with green corn-lands, red poppies, and masses of tiny blooms, yellow and purple and white, in the open and beneath soft shadowing trees. A morning climb upon the slopes of Lycabettus, she said, was like a page from a Greek idyll. There the slopes were covered with great patches of asphodel, pale pink against the blue sky or the gray of Hymettus beyond. Innumerable bees were humming among the flowers, and the wind was blowing softly through the pine trees over the lower slopes. Here and there poppies shone out, and everywhere were pink and purple and yellow flowers covering the brown and gray of the stony slopes. From the top one could see a vast stretch of blue sea, with blue islands and blue ranges of mountains beyond them all. In the west rose up Cyllene (birthplace of great Hermes,—the "Cyllene hoar" of Milton's *Arcades*), clear white with snow against the sky of orange and pale rose.

Into the north of Hellas, Silvia and her friends journeyed; and on the slopes of classic Pelion they saw the olive groves, gray-green, with scarlet anemones glowing in the

Brandywine Days

sweet grass, delicate poplars outlined against the sky, and fruit trees gleaming in the sun against the old houses.

As Silvia went on with her narrative, and the shadows grew long across the fields, we seemed rapt; ancient Hellas lived again, and Homer's land was no longer a vanished dream!

In Thessaly, said Silvia, we could imagine ourselves in the land of Achilles, the fertile land of Phthia, Homer calls it, near Othrys, which we saw white in the distance as we passed Pherae, the home of the hospitable Admetus, whose flocks Apollo tended for a year. Did we dream that we beheld the divine herdsman himself? Here was the region where

"Day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
Their first-born brother as a god."

The day at the Vale of Tempe was a superb one, in the soft May weather. In this romantic pass, great plane trees lean over the water, in many grotesque and rugged shapes, veiled in the most delicate golden-green and brown leafage, and the earth is starred with anemone and yellow blossoms. It all is so exquisitely beautiful that one exclaims with fresh delight at every turn of the road. At noon we rested under great plane trees for two hours, beside a spring,—nymph-haunted, of course,—where, we could imagine,

"By dimpled brook and fountain-brim,
The wood-nymphs, decked with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep."

Silvia

The homeward ride through the sunset, with the storks all sailing home, with Larissa and its minarets, and up against the sky Ossa and Olympus just touched with enchanted color on the horizon,—Olympus, fit home of the gods, remote and holy and awe-inspiring,—all this ended an experience of old Homeric Hellas that will remain unforgettable.

And in Arcadia,—Arcadia, remotest of lands, so vague and dream-like that the Hellenic imagination fancied it the home of an idyllic shepherd folk, whose lives were felicitous beyond compare,—in that region of orchards and flocks, of wild honey and crocus and hyacinth and deep-starred grass, Silvia beheld a shepherd piping with all his flock around him, and a stately oak glade below, —and all in Arcadia!

That last touch of Silvia's narrative, how it takes possession of the fancy!—the crown of her Hellenic experiences,—transporting one from this noisy century of ours to the pure simplicity of the most poetic age of the world.

Said Silvia: "In a vale of Arcady
I saw a shepherd lying in the shade—
Some Corydon or Lycidas, methought—
Soft piping 'mid those flowery solitudes
Beside his grazing flock. No fairer sight
Have I beheld in pastoral Sicily,
By storied Tempe, or Larissa's plains
Where storks sail homeward through the setting sun,
Nor by white-templed Sunium on the sea,—
Than this enchanted scene among the fields
Of Arcady remote."

Brandywine Days

And at her words,—
Unto my heart, a-fevered with the fret
Of these our hurried days, a vision came
Of old-world Hellas bathed in dreamy light
And sweet with music of the rustic flute,
Laughter and lyric joy; of green-lipt springs
Where oreads and wood-gods joined with Pan
In rural revelry; far mountain slopes
Down which the troops of pure-browed Artemis
Ranged in the jocund chase; and beechen groves
Beneath whose murmurous foliage dryads gleamed
Soft-white as mists above the twilight meads.
—Thus for an hour the clear and golden light
Of old-world Hellas shone again when Silvia,
Poetic Silvia, spoke of Corydon
A-fluting in a vale of Arcady!

THE SAME OLD WAYS

"I do not want change: I want the same old and loved things, the same wild flowers, the same trees and soft ash-green; the turtle-doves, the blackbirds, the coloured yellowhammer sing, sing, singing so long as there is light to cast a shadow on the dial, for such is the measure of his song,—and I want them in the same place."

JULY XXV. Let the restless and nervous seeker after pleasure pursue his elusive goal along dusty leagues from city to city, from mountain to sea-side,—peace and contentment are rarely his. Let me find contentment and peace beside the idyllic Brandywine, where the same green and yellow adorn the farm fields year after year, where the honeysuckle and lilacs breathe the same old fragrance, and the ring-dove pours forth his ancient sorrow, where ambition is mild, and fashions change but seldom, and the same kindly faces go by on the old yellow highway from farm to village, from village to farm.

"I still can hear at times a softer note
Of the old pastoral music round me float."

The folk of the Brandywine dales run not after new things; they hear, perhaps, of another vessel added to the navy or of a new species of mind-cure, but such things disturb not these good, old-fashioned people. Hay-wagons are more to them than war-ships, and they are too hearty and robust to need any mind-cures; their wholesome enthusiasm is centered in their cattle and barns, their holly-

Brandywine Days

hocks and roses. April finds them plowing the brown soil, July sees them gathering in the overflowing harvests, almost as in the days of their forefathers; and if the ancient tune of the whetstone on the cradle-blade has become well-nigh a lost melody, yet the steady, rhythmic hum of the reaper-and-binder fills the dreamy air agreeably. Men grow old and die on the same farms, sons inherit acres that have "been in the family" for a century or more, and daughters and granddaughters raise the same old beloved phlox and four-o'clocks and marigolds. Just across the hills are living the descendants of an Oxfordshire worthy who came oversea in Queen Anne's day and took up an ample tract near the Brandywine; and the Irish Quaker squire who settled this green township two centuries ago is lineally represented to-day by a group of lively little folks who live all summer long beside his ancient little river.

"Here old uses still obtain,
Sickle and scythe the reapers ply,
Still tasselled team and tilted wain
Rejoice the eye;

"As though Time, yielding to its charm,
Over this quaint sequestered land
Of slumbrous field and dreamy farm
Had stayed his hand."

So the old days and the old ways have their natural home in these tranquil valleys; quietude and conservatism are seated here by ancient right; grazing cattle and blossoming orchards and antique gardens of golden and purple bloom, present the same peaceful aspect as men

The Same Old Ways

looked upon in this region in old pre-Revolution years,
this antique Brandywine region of

“Quiet meadows, with their browsing kine,
The watery vale and swarded hills, o’erswept
From morn till eve by shadows of white clouds,
Whisper of lime and poplar, or the lisp
Of rivulet, beneath the willow boughs
Telling her pebbles; melodies of joy,
Calm as far bells of blessedness.”

Shall I not find a deeper charm, for all this ancient
background, as I re-read old favorite books, the *Arcadia*,
Izaak Walton, Herrick and Wordsworth?

“Antiquity, thou wondrous charm!”

THE BROOK

JULY XXX

*"Oftentimes I used to look
Upon its banks, and long
To steal the beauty of the brook
And put it in a song."*

BELOW the ancient grassy hill it flows
Among the pastures by the shadowy wood,
And melts at last into the Brandywine.
Small willows bend above it, fragrant weeds
Draw from it sweetness for their golden blooms
And purple blossoms, cattle stoop to drink
And dream and ruminate beside its sands
And mossy stones; and from the shadowy wood
Come shy wood-creatures,—birds and merry squirrels
And swift ground-hackies,—sip and disappear;
So manifold the life its waters feed.

'Tis here I love to walk at twilight hour
Beneath the old forsaken orchard trees,
And near the ancient, quaint "Star-gazers' Stone,"
When o'er the shoulder of the grassy hill
The sickle moon swings low;—the cows have gone,
Shut in the upland pasture for the night;
The gold and purple blossoms of the weeds
Hang drowsily; the birds and merry squirrels
Sleep safely in their woodland bowers; and all
The little valley slumbers, save the brook.



“ ‘Tis here I love to walk at twilight hour”

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The Brook

More sweet its melody by night than day,
So silent is all else; with silvery purl
And soft adagios it bubbles down
O'er elfin slopes and faery waterfalls;
It murmurs soft in mossy cool retreats,
Caresses many a bed of cress, and flows
Between white stones in tiny sluices swift.

The twilight deepens into dusk; on high
The argent crescent swims above the hill
Like some white faery island set adrift;
Soft night-winds sweep the ancient grassy hill
And stir keen weedy fragrance, while the brook
Sings on with ceaseless music.

Then, I think,
Nature most truly speaks; 'tis then she yields
Unto her devotees her utmost spell.
The endless twilight of the mid-day woods
Or evening in the dim and moonlit fields
Are magic hours! And thee, dear Stream, I thank
For many golden reveries and dreams
Beside thy weedy margin while the moon
Above the old forsaken orchard trees
Shone softly on thy faery waterfalls.

Brandywine Days

"Then the mind's eye
Pictures the workman of that elder time
On Sunday with his children wandering
In wood and field, and noting curve and poise
Of flower and leaf and stem, while constantly
His children bring him brighter, sweeter blooms
For his approval. Wearying at last,
They lighten with their songs the homeward way.
No man might hope to see the pile complete,
But yet his daily, weekly, yearly task
He wrought and finished, and in doing it
Found happiness.....he knew
The artist's joy, finding in art his life."

In a certain class-room, and in chapel, at Yale, two youthful poets were wont to sit side by side. Now that one of them has forever closed his eyes upon the world of beauty which he loved, and which he sang in memorable strains, his friend,—our author,—has written this affectionate poem in memory of those days at Yale:—

"EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

"Of me shall this be told
Long hence and far away to envying ears,
When o'er my age the years
Their billows of oblivion have rolled:

"That all my college days
I sat in class and chapel side by side
With Sill, even then our pride,
As now the land's—when he is past men's praise.

"Oft when the preacher read
Some lesson drawn from wandering Israel's woes,
Would Sill his brown eyes close,
And on my shoulder lay his beautiful head.

New Poets

"Still, as the voice droned on
The dreamer's fancy flitted unopposed;
And when the sermon closed,
Those starry eyes brighter from Dreamland shone."

* * *

The emotions that are stirred by the sights and sounds and thoughts and melodies around one in Italy have not always summoned forth images of the home-land beyond the western seas; but in the case of Grace Ellery Channing, brooding in a Medicean garden, "with the sight of sunset and sea, the taste of mountain air and woodland freshness, the faces and forms of Florentine saints and antique gods, the serene poignancy of great phrases of music,"—there has flowed from her pen a moving poem on our American meadow-lark, suggested to her upon hearing a nightingale's song:

"Garden and grove grow dim; they change and fade
Like their pale lords, the vanished Medici;
They are the phantomed shadows of a shade,
It is not night, nor earth, nor Italy;
And that which sings within the silences,—
I know him well,—no singer of the dark,
No alien bird, no foreign minstrel he,
But mine own unsung western-carolling lark,
Triumphant singer of the farthest day,
Carolling earth, heaven, and Italy away.

"I've heard him in the New World wilderness
Singing, sad nightingale, not notes like thine,
But plenteously poured forth like joyous wine
From an overflowing chalice. Loneliness
And sorrow were not then; the sunny plain
Filled and ran o'er with the melodious rain
Of music, and the golden-spiced air

Brandywine Days

Trembled with happiness fine-felt and rare;
While over, over, over, high above
Went lilting still the med-lark, love and love,
And joy and passionate joy and ecstasy.

O singer and O song, return to me!.....

O nightingale!—

Thou art but love in sorrow,—I have heard
Love's self sing westward from a golden-throated bird!"

After this poem, our sweetly-poignant meadow-lark
may no longer be called "unsung."

* * *

A poet for the summer mood is William Stanley Braithwaite, he of the distinguished name and rich imagination. Of the line of such poets as Spenser and Keats and Rossetti, of warm sympathies and picturesque diction, Mr. Braithwaite writes for those who care for the old poetic traditions. Memory's voice can always wake him to some tender sentiment; thus he muses over a pressed flower in a copy of Keats' *Endymion*:

"As Keats' old honeyed volume of romance
I oped to-day to drink its Latmos air,
I found all pressed a white flower lying where
The shepherd lad watched Pan's herd slow advance.
Ah, then what tender memories did chance
To bring again the day, when from your hair,
This frail carnation, delicate and fair,
You gave me.....

What waves of passion seem
About this flower to linger and to break,
Lit by the glamor of the moon's pale beam,
The while my heart weeps for this dear flower's sake."

It is cheering to observe a poet who holds to one fine

New Poets

tradition, who in a day of new fashions and strange experiments in verse still cherishes the ideals of his youth and sings in the old melodious way. An avowed disciple of the romantic school is William Stanley Braithwaite, whose earlier volume proved him of the "little clan" who inherit something of the spell of Keats; a poet whose lyrics have won the regard of the late Mr. Stedman, and of Miss Guiney and other right judges of poetry.

In the opening sonnets of his new volume, he writes of the "House of Falling Leaves" as a place of dream and of enchantment, in lines marked by subtle music and grave pathos, as in the closing stave,—

"When Time shall close the door unto the house
And open that of Winter's soon to be,
And dreams go moving through the ruined boughs—
He who went in comes out a Memory.
From his deep sleep no sound may e'er arouse,—
The moaning rain, nor wind-embattled sea."

As a lyric artist this singer is notable for the abundance of his forms; he writes sonnets in thoughtful mood, giving them true dignity and a certain literary flavor, and choosing this or a pensive meditative stanza for tributes to his poetic masters—Blake, Keats, Rossetti, and Aldrich. With the late Arthur Upson, whose own fine muse has given us some unforgettable songs and reveries, Mr. Braithwaite recalls happy hours of friendship beside the river Charles, where they pondered

"The book our souls have writ in rhyme:
Youth's golden chapters done in poetry."

Beautiful creations of color and melody are frequent

Brandywine Days

in these pages; how the spirit responds to this Aprilian call—

"Straight in the heart of the April meadows,
Straight in the dream in the heart of you—
Spring—in the glory of gleams and shadows,
Flame and gossamer, green and blue!"

In this New England poet we yet have one whose music has, as it were, a Southern affluence, a vein of passion and haunting wistfulness. His is the "sapphic strain," as Harrison Morris calls it,—the power of breathing into his songs the ineffable note of tearful regret and wild, strange beauty. There is here more than one lyric that calls for music, none more surely than the sea-dream, "Ave and Vale":

"O, far away across the beach
The mist is in the sunset,
And dreams lie low
In the silence of the foam;
Beyond the dim horizon
Where the creeping darkness pauses
I hear the grey winds calling
And they lead desire home.
*O Ave to the evening star,
And Vale to the setting sun;
And a deep, deep sea across the bar
Where the grey winds call and run."*

* * *

A true poet of nature is Benjamin Franklin Leggett, of Delaware County. He sings of the out-door world in its rich summer and autumnal moods. Melodious and of easy flow, his verses picture the simple charm of our own countryside. He has written of the Brandywine,

New Poets

"Stream of beauty,—Susqueco," using one of the ancient Indian names for the little river:

"Through the shadows cool and dim,
Willow-woven by the rim,
Threading meadow lands of bloom
Where the flowers give it room,
Through a sweet idyllic dream
Runs the naiad-haunted stream,—
Ever crowning sweetest song
Where the reeds and rushes throng:—
Through the valley's green and gold
Where the tides of battle rolled
In the stormy days of old,
Softly glide in rhythmic flow
The pictured waves of Susqueco.

"Susqueco, O Susqueco!
How thy singing waters flow—
From the fountains in the hills,
From the laughing, limpid rills
Fed by crystal dew and rain,
Gleaming through the fields of grain,
Dreaming by the slopes of fern,
Where the lady-slippers burn,
Where the ponderous mill-wheels turn,—
Past the miller's dusty doors,
By the lily-whitened shores,
While the sunshine softly lies
On the mirror of the skies!

"Susqueco, O Susqueco!
Whither do thy waters flow?
Under arches builded wide—
Rounded circles in the tide,
Under bridges mossy, brown,
Through the meadows flowing down,
Through the woodland and the lea,

Brandywine Days

Singing ever towards the sea,
Where thy song is hushed at last
When the idle dream is passed
In the infinite and vast,
Thither do thy waters flow,
Stream of beauty—Susqueco!"

EVEN-SONG

*"The thrushes sing in every tree;
The shadows long and longer grow;
Broad sunbeams lie athwart the lea;
The oxen low;
Round roof and tower the swallows slide;
And slowly, slowly sinks the sun,
At curfew-tide,
When day is done."*

AUGUST III. Twilight: the little ones have ceased their play beneath the trees, where they were scattering rose petals and unconsciously suggesting those pictures of sweet old-world children in the pages of Kate Greenaway. The petunias glimmer white and ghost-like above the filmy green of the grass; the soft "tinkle-tinkle" of cow-bells never ceases as the herd feeds slowly across the field; the swallows fly in low circles over the stream; and distant fragmentary talk and sounds of trotting hoofs tell of the people out for their Sunday evening drive.

The frogs chant with dulcet and flute-like voices among the bulrushes and lily-pads; dusky night-moths flit hither and thither like strange spiritual things; early owls call from the thick spruces; the young moon is shepherding her starry flocks; and the dark comes slowly on. The children, happy and tired, are seeking sleep, and one rosy little darling goes to dreamland with her mother's soft crooning of an evensong,—

Brandywine Days

FOLDED ARE THE ROSES

I

Folded are the roses and the lilies are asleep;
 Slumber, baby dear!
In the peaceful heavens now the stars begin to peep;
 Slumber, baby dear!
Far down the meadow the frogs are chanting low,
Fire-flies are setting all their little lamps aglow.
 Slumber softly, dearie,
 After play-time weary.

*Mother sees the sickle moon along the sleepy west;
Slumber softly, baby, slumber softly in thy nest,
 Thy downy nest!*

II

Cattle from the clover-fields have all been driven home;
 Baby, close thy eyes!
From their mothers little lambs no longer wish to
 roam;
 Baby, close thy eyes!
Crickets in the hay-field and locusts in the tree
Long ago have folded wings and ceased their melody.
 When the stars are gleaming
 Babies should be dreaming.

*Mother sees the sickle moon along the sleepy west;
Slumber softly, baby, slumber softly in thy nest,
 Thy downy nest!*

Even-Song

III

Yellow lights are twinkling in the far-off city towers;

Sleep, my little child!

Village bells are telling to the wind the drowsy hours;

Sleep, my little child!

Father's put away the scythe, the harvesting is done;

Robins in the apple-boughs are silent every one.

Mother o'er thy sleeping

Gentlest watch is keeping.

Mother sees the sickle moon along the sleepy west;

Slumber softly, baby, slumber softly in thy nest,

Thy downy nest!

A CUYP LANDSCAPE

*"All the long August afternoon,
The drowsy stream
Whispers a melancholy tune,
As if it dreamed of June,
And whispered in its dream.*

*"The silent orchard aisles are sweet
With smell of ripening fruit.
Through the sere grass, in shy retreat,
Flutter, at coming feet,
The robins strange and mute."*

AUGUST IV. The old purple beech is softly vol-
uble this afternoon. I seem to hear wafture of
spirit-whisperings from its thick-laid foliage stirred
to lightest melody by the summer zephyrs, and to feel my-
self in a way like a far-off brother of the Greeks of old,
those sensitive folk to whom plashing fountain and bend-
ing bough spoke familiarly and tenderly the supernal se-
crets of their fair nature-world.

I see the little water-willows bending above the Bran-
dywine's green mirror; across a distant field a farm-wagon
moves slowly, gathering the last of the belated oats-har-
vest; now and again the wood-pigeon calls plaintively from
the tall grove of oaks, "thick-leaved, ambrosial;" the wild
carrots hang their graceful heads, heavy with the morn-
ing's shower; down across the meadow the vast cloud-shad-
ows move slowly and majestically; while the cattle feed

A Cuyp Landscape

in unbroken peace or lie gently chewing the cud near the rose-mallows and the spicy peppermint. It is indeed a bland and harmonious day—how can I forget its loveliness, its magical thrill and spirit-music, or the enchanting nuances of gold and emerald where the sun plays upon the grass, now in full glow and now through the screen of drifting cloud-rack!

"Good-bye, sweet day!" cried Celia Thaxter to exquisite hours like these,—in those pathetic verses which I have heard sung so often by one who puts her heart into the tender words:

"Thou wert so fair from thy first morning ray;
I have so loved thee, but cannot, cannot hold thee;
Dying like a dream, the shadows fold thee.
Slowly thy perfect beauty fades away,—
Good-bye, sweet day! Good-bye, sweet day!"

Would this beauty touch one so deeply, think you, if the scene were wholly a wild one? I cannot believe it. That team in the oats field, these quiet, meditative cattle, add the unnamed charm, the Virgilian quality that delights by reason of its blending of pristine nature with sure signs of man's immemorial association with the venerable farmlands and pasture-fields of the world. The great Turner felt this when he placed in his landscapes,—glorious with cloud and river and endless champaign—some random boat or barn, castle or arching bridge, ever some object that should remind us that man is in the midst of his inherited wealth of the antique earth. And Corot painted never an exquisite pasturale but he set amid his vaporous trees or beside his cool and tranquil ponds a band of wandering children, a peasant or two, or a wreath

Brandywine Days

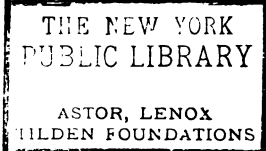
of sylvan divinities,—adding a last magical pathos that makes him akin to Wordsworth in his particular appeal to the sentiment and love of the nature-worshipper.

There is another painter whose pastoral scenes represent that quality of long-settled rural peace and ancient security which abounds in our Brandywine valleys—Albert Cuyp; though his be Dutch landscapes, we may easily read into them our own home meadows. Cuyp reveals in its perfection the beauty of wide pasture-lands bathed all day long, and day after drowsy day, in “the moated glow of the amber sunlight,” where the grazing cattle and the idle herd-boys seem to blend with the soft golden landscape in one complete harmony. It was of this painter’s cattle-scene, where the shepherd is playing his pipe, that Lloyd Mifflin has written lines that might almost have come from the pen of Keats,—

“The very children gaze, and stop their play,
Bound to the place by music’s magic bands. . . .
O piper of the picture, keep thy hands
Forever on the flute, as here to-day;
The world is full of noise,—pipe on, we pray!
Thy note the spirit hears, and understands.”

My favorite among the landscapes by Cuyp is his “Sunny Day.” Utter serenity and golden stillness fill the lovely countryside, the distant stream and the misty horizon. If there be sunlight of more absolute clarity and perfection of balmy brightness than here pictured, I do not know it.

Idyllic beauty clothes the tranquil scene;
The noiseless river winds with sweet delays





“Below the ancient grassy hill it flows”

A Guyp Landscape

By far champaigns enwreathed in golden haze,
And groves that softly o'er the water lean.
Amid the meadow's herbage lush and green
The quiet cattle rest with drowsy gaze,
The while this sunniest of summer days
Goes by in blissful calm and peace serene.
How dear it were, amid these pleasant meads,
These misty fields by morning dews empearled,
To pass our days in unambitious deeds,
Forgetful of the fevers of the world;
And like yon river dreamy in the sun
To glide unheard away when life were done!

IN SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE'S GARDEN

*"Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear!
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow:
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude."*

AUGUST VII. There is a singular charm about Temple's familiar essays, the earliest of the kind, almost, written in England. They tell of an ample leisure, of long, quiet hours of reflection in old brick-walled gardens and beside fish-ponds unruffled by any but the mildest of summer breezes. We easily step back into Sir William's antique century, and our vaunted erudition and our modern vanities slip from us as the simple-hearted gentleman leads us from one parterre to another, and beneath the sun-baked walls where hang his rich grapes and warm-cheeked peaches, averring to us that French connoisseurs have pronounced his fruit equal to any this side of Fontainebleau. Down the graveled paths we pass with our host, beyond the roses and slumbrous poppies, to the vegetable beds. Sir William, with his acquired Dutch taste, truly values these homely quarters;—has not King William himself honored the asparagus with a nod of recognition on his last visit to Moor Park, and even deigned to instruct Temple's young secretary, Jonathan Swift, in the art of eating the succulent plant? Here we listen to a discourse on garlic and onions as sovereign

In Sir William Temple's Garden

remedies for all decays of appetite and as specifics for the gout. Our portly host has himself felt the twinges of the last-named complaint, yet he hastens to assure us with elegant euphemism that he has never long submitted to the constraint of a garlic diet, as being "offensive to the company I conversed with." Elder-berries and elder-flowers, he says, will drive out watery humours; though here again he frankly confesses he cannot speak from any considerable experience, having "been always too libertine for any great and long subjections to make the trials."

Beside his tobacco plants he pauses to remark that old Prince Maurice of Nassau put him upon taking a leaf of the plant into the nostrils for an hour each morning as a strengthener of the eyesight.

His beloved garden yields its owner every simple, every remedy. Such prescriptions as crabs' eyes and claws and burnt eggshells for indigestion, to which the family was subject, Sir William rather scorns, for he turns as ever to his plants for a sure specific: "I have never found anything of much or certain effect [for indigestion], besides the eating of strawberries, common cherries, white figs, soft peaches or grapes, before every meal, during their seasons; and, when those are past, apples after meals; but all must be very ripe: And this, by my own and all my friends' experience who have tried it, I reckon for a specific medicine in this illness so frequently complained of; at least, for the two first, I never knew them fail; and the usual quantity is about forty cherries, without swallowing either skin or stone." But let us have a care not to eat too plentifully of these delectable strawberries and other fruits at Moor Park, for did not Dean Swift attribute his

Brandywine Days

life-long plague of giddiness and deafness to a surfeit of Sir William Temple's peaches?


With such pleasant discourse even a kitchen garden becomes an enchanted spot, and we are willing listeners to our kindly host's disquisition on the spleen, ending with an injunction against harboring fear, regret and melancholy, and with an incitement to nourish hope as the sovereign balsam of life. So friendly is our dear old host, so sweetly philosophic, so amply fortified with the homely common-sense wisdom of the countryside.

It was for some such country sage of elder days, surely, that Austin Dobson wrote these verses:

“He liked the well-wheel's creaking tongue,—
He liked the thrush that stopped and sung,—
He liked the drone of flies among
 His netted peaches;
He liked to watch the sunlight fall
Athwart his ivied orchard wall,
Or pause to catch the cuckoo's call
 Beyond the beeches.”

"SWEET THEMMES! RUNNE SOFTLY"

AUGUST VIII

WEET THEMMES! runne softly, till I end
my Song":

Old Spenser's words flow soft as any dream
This afternoon by Brandywine's calm stream
This green untroubled meadow-side along.

Most clear it echoes down the tranquil stream—
"Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song";
O it hath filled my heart of memory long,
Its quaint, rich music haunts me like a dream!

It follows me and haunts me like a dream
Whene'er I stroll this meadow-side along:
"Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song,"—
Old Spenser chants forever by the stream.

O heart of memory, cherish it for long,
And let old Spenser's golden music stream
Forever down the meadows of my dream—
"Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song."

IN QUIET WATERS

*"It is not idleness to steep the soul
In nature's beauty: rather every day
We are idle letting beauteous things go by
Unheld, or scarce perceived. We cannot dream
Too deeply, nor o'erprize the mood of love,
When it comes on us strongly, and the hour
Is ripe for thought."*

AUGUST X. On this bland and serene day of August I left our quiet Brandywine fields, to journey southward on the series of curving ponds and connecting canals that afford a waterway between the Delaware river and the Chesapeake.

On this side of Flanders, one could hardly look upon so sleepy and tranquil a panorama of low farm-lands, antique villages and green, reedy shores. How I wish the artist's power were mine, that I might put on canvas a tithe of all this slumbrous beauty and sweet pastoral repose!

Mists hang over the distant woods and make them most pale and remote; cattle graze in the rich deep meadows; and in the atmosphere brood the utter peace and restfulness which come over the countryside in the weeks following harvest, when scythe and fork are hung up once more and great hay-stacks and teeming barns tell of the summer's yield.

On and away our steam-boat glided, over the silent, rush-margined waters, passing from one lovely view to an-

In Quiet Waters

other. Great white flowers starred the green acres of swamp-grass, feathery willows drooped in soft clusters over the stream-side, wide patches of weed shone in many a shade of brown and yellow and sumptuous purple; while the tow-path, with its dull coloring of red, wound ever away behind the verdant bank. There was many a little pond in the adjacent fields, where water-lilies floated beyond the swaying cat-tails; and over these unruffled water-mirrors, small white-breasted birds flitted and veered and sounded their blithe notes.

We moved slowly by little garden-slopes, odorous with hop-vines and bright with old-time flowers, with apple-orchards and fields of tall corn beyond. White sails now and then appeared in the wider ponds, and often we came upon lazy fisher-folk, half asleep in the sunshine, their poles dipping into the noiseless stream. In the deep locks we halted while the great gates slowly swung open and the green water gurgled and foamed up from under its imprisoning barriers, and village loungers loitered about the banks to watch the only spectacle that breaks their day's monotony.

The passengers felt the spell of the mild, placid atmosphere, and little children crooned or looked dreamily at the white clouds and the misty vapors of that idyllic afternoon. Up from the cabin came plaintive music; and elderly negroes, on their way to visit their old homes in Virginia or on the "East'n Sho'," chatted in their quaint and not immelodious dialect.

Like a piece of Holland seemed this calm, untroubled land, with its pastoral industries, its sleepy atmosphere and its peaceful felicities. Not more tranquil or dream-

Brandywine Days

like could be "the lazy Scheldt or wandering Po" that Goldsmith sang, nor those placid Flemish streams whereon a later lover of Old-World waters, Robert Louis Stevenson, drifted and mused.

"It could not be more quiet; peace is here
Or nowhere; days unruffled by the gale
Of public news or private; years that pass
Forgetfully."

There are, in that quiet land and along those still waters, the possibilities of a hundred pictures. The photograph camera is used probably every day from the decks of these vessels; not so often, I fancy, comes an artist, one who can interpret landscape, catching its spiritual significance and giving the scene back to us clothed with a glamour and a charm which no camera can render. This little unsung bit of Delaware and Maryland possesses scenery worthy the brush of a Cuyp or a Corot. One who looks upon it in receptive mood, enjoying to the full its pastoral and watery loveliness, retains the impression of many perfect landscapes. Weary of the noise and fever and fruitless hurry of our vaunted modern life, one may here lose himself awhile, and drink of God's beauty with a free and grateful heart.

AFTER HARVEST

AUGUST XII

BY fields where lately waved the yellow wheat
And where the farmers piled the fragrant hay,
The meadow-lark is calling clear and sweet,
And through the drowsy day
The clouds drift by above the peaceful hills;—
I watch their soft reflections in the tide,
Here where doth smoothly glide
The Brandywine by ancient Slumberville.

In old sequestered garden-alleys drowned
In utter dreamfulness and flowery ease,
The poppy petals fall without a sound,
And lazy soft-winged bees
Follow their honeyed quest with murmurs faint
'Mid altheas and swaying hollyhocks,
And stately purple phlox,
And bergamot and lady-slippers quaint.

I saw last month among the Goshen dales
The sun-browned farmers haul the harvest in;
I saw them busy in Pocopson vales;
And here in green Newlin
I watched the mowers in among the hay
Heaping the windrows long and straight and clean,
And sturdy reapers glean
The nodding wheat on hillsides far away.

Brandywine Days

And here one evening as I lingered late
I saw the last load coming down the hill,
Sweep 'neath the cherry tree beside the gate
And past the mossy mill;
And when those final sheaves of rustling oats
Were added to the barn's abundant store,
I heard by the wide door
The "Harvest Home!" ring out from lusty throats.

But now no more the harvest mirth is heard
By shady orchard-side or straggling hedge;
The fields are silent, save where one sweet bird
Chirps by the greenwood edge;
Only the locusts chirr with pipings high,
Only the melancholy ring-dove grieves
Among the willow leaves,
And rain-crows send from far their querulous cry.

Along the dusty road wild-carrots nod,
And thistle-down is wafted through the air;
On woodland banks the early golden-rod
Is swaying richly fair;
And in the night beneath the golden moon
Ripe apples drop beside the orchard wall,
And oft with eerie call
The shadowy owls give forth their spectral croon.

How softly now the water-willows show
Beside the brooks their delicate gray-green,
And lovely as a landscape of Corot
Appears each pastoral scene.

After Harvest

Old Chester County's tranquil fields and woods
Are sleeping in a languid atmosphere,
And far away and near
The misty dream of August basks and broods.

With tender undersong the Brandywine
Flows down by mossy stone and quivering reed,
And he who rightly hears its chant divine
May take but slender heed
Of dulling cares that vex the passing hour;
Kind Nature's nursling well may muse apart,
For he, the glad of heart,
Is brother born of cloud and stream and flower.

HUMPHRY MARSHALL

AUGUST XV. The old village of Marshallton, two or three miles up in the hills, contains two notable features,—an ancient Quaker graveyard, unsurpassable for its serenity and pensive charm, and the home of Chester County's renowned botanist, Humphry Marshall. The ample and dignified old dwelling-house is the heart of the sleepy hamlet, its one noble relic of the life of long ago. Surrounded by stately trees and antique shrubbery, the old mansion invites the passer-by to pause and reflect upon the original owner and his ardent devotion to American flora.

Son of Abraham Marshall, who came over from Derbyshire in the late seventeenth century and married the daughter of James Hunt, one of William Penn's companions,—Humphry Marshall had an inheritance of sterling Quaker character. He built this durable house with his own hands, somewhere about the year 1773, and planted his botanic garden with the best native trees and shrubs and many interesting foreign species. His oaks, pines, and magnolias, "all planted by the hands of the venerable founder," as Dr. Darlington, his biographer, tells us, "have now attained to a majestic altitude."

It seems likely that Humphry Marshall felt drawn to botany and horticulture through the influence of his distinguished cousin, John Bartram. To Marshall's zeal in making known to his European correspondents the treasures of American sylvia and flora, posterity owes a large debt. I never pass the fine old mansion and grove with-

"The old mansion invites the passer-by to pause and reflect!"



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Humphry Marshall

out a silent benediction, and a wistful thought of the serene enjoyments here pursued by the noble old-time Quaker botanist. Happily his gentle science is still kept up by country Quakers here and there in Chester County; it is the sole branch of Nature-study on which these refined and quiet people pride themselves.

Memorials of John Bartram and Humphry Marshall, which our later botanist, Dr. William Darlington, published in 1849, furnishes some charming reading. Here one may learn how Dr. John Fothergill, whose garden near London was noted for its Americana, was "obliged" for his treasures "to thy diligence and care," as he wrote to Marshall. In his quaint epistles to the New World botanist, Dr. Fothergill constantly mentions the plants he most desires.

"There is a kind of *Dogwood*, whose calyx is its greatest beauty. . . . I want a few plants of it; and, indeed, it would be always agreeable to receive young, well-rooted plants of any kind." Birds, too, he occasionally requests,—“Would it be impossible to send one of those pretty little *Owls*, alive? I wish I could see one.” (What a personal note, that!) “Most of the captains in the trade, I believe, would endeavour to take care of it, and a *Mocking-bird*, if they could easily be had.” Humphry even sent over a tortoise, and the good doctor, not aware of the creature’s sluggish habits, wrote back, “He looked uncommonly heavy about the eyes, and did not care for stirring.”

Brandywine Days

cied the modern counterpart of Cuddie and Diggon and Piers, although I confess I never heard them pipe or sing as piped and sang those jocund shepherd-lads in the pages of Spenser.

Of the sumptuous golden harmony, the mellifluous cadences, and the unfailing nobility of ideal, that make the *Faerie Queene* glorious, there is abundant promise in these youthful eclogues. And so I have ever been of the same mind as Drayton concerning the *Shepheardes Calender*, and as Sidney, who averred that Spenser "hath much Poetrie in his Eglogues; indeede worthy of the reading, if I be not deceived." If a choice must be made where all is so inviting, this melodious praise and honoring of Queen Elizabeth by honest Hobbinoll, in the April "aegloga," may be taken as typical,—

"Of fayre Elisa be your silver song,
That blessed wight,
The flowre of Virgins; may shee florish long
In princely plight!
For shee is Syrinx daughter without spotte,
Which Pan, the shepheards God, of her begot:
So sprong her grace
Of heavenly race,
No mortall blemishe may her blotte.

"Tell me, have ye seene her angelicke face,
Like Phœbe fayre?
Her heavenly haveour, her princely grace,
Can you well compare?
The Redde rose medled with the White yfere,
In either cheeke depeincten lively chere:
Her modest eye,
Her Majestie,
Where have you seene the like but there? . . .

“Colin Cloute”

“Bring hether the Pincke and purple Cullambine,
With Gelliflowres;
Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,
Worne of Paramoures;
Strowe me the ground with Daffadowndillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loved Lillies;
The pretie Pawnce,
And the Chevisaunce,
Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice.”

A DEAD POET

*"Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,
His name and life's brief date,
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you be."*

AUGUST XIX. "The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces" of the air rear themselves majestically aloft this afternoon. A splendid assemblage of white clouds moves in solemn slow procession down the sky toward the deep and dreamy west. Like navies of stately argosies they seem, aerial galleons streaming along the zenith upon the blue ocean of the heavens.

How he felt the sublimity of the clouds—that friend of mine who is no more! Every beautiful and noble thing touched him—the first anemones of April, the harvest-field with its sheaves, the gleam and flash of wide waters, and the quietude of solitary forests. In the words of a fellow-poet whose verse he admired, he might have said,

"I have learned
More from the hush of forests than from speech
Of many teachers."

But most he loved, I think, "the air of mountain summits and head waters of rivers," to use his own words. Indeed it was his love of the solemn mountains that brought death to him. Wandering too early in the year among their frozen fastness, he "fell on sleep" amid the cold, pitiless purity of the snow; and the first flush of the

A Dead Poet

unfolding springtime came without the welcome of his alert step along the wood paths or his affectionate gaze upon the "greening meadow-land."

On Nature's highway he was a Passionate Pilgrim, truly; and his keen impressions he wove into delicate verse-forms. The sweet sincerity and the truth and sanity of his character cannot perish from the remembrance of his friends. Let one of these offer a tribute, slender though it be, to his fair memory,—

The tender loveliness of young spring skies,
The gush and purl of pebbled streams,
The sacred solitude of lofty woods
Enwrapped in vernal dreams,

Faint, sweet earth-odors rising from the fields,
The primal fragrance of the year—
Alas, these now must come unheralded
Of one who held them dear!

For nevermore by "greening meadow-land,"
By wood-walk cool or lonely hill,
In reverie will our young Thyrsis stray
With poet-heart a-thrill.

No more in hidden, far-off forest dells
For April's first flowers will he seek,
Nor thread the groves of "sunlit sassafras"
By Swarthmore's winding creek.

Again the pale hepaticas come forth,
And Quaker-ladies star the mold;

Brandywine Days

might put into a sonnet or a twilight song the whole spiritual aspect of Manhattan, or of New Orleans dreaming in the sunlight. Has not Wordsworth, in fourteen lines, painted for all time vast, quiet London sleeping in early morning mist?

"And all that mighty heart is lying still."

But another story is that—of the poets. Before leaving them I may say, however, that Henry James' essay on Baltimore is as near being poetry—in its mellow, loving musing on the secluded and stately capital of Maryland—as could be desired, yet with just enough smiling playfulness to keep his mood on this side idolatry. "The deep, soft general note;" the embowering foliage that creates "great classic serenities of shade" almost in the manner of Claude or of Turner; "the sweet old Carroll house, nestling under its wood in the late June afternoon, and with something vaguely haunted in its lonely refinement"—what Baltimorean but will feel more keenly his attachment to the old city after reading these and like matchless bits of portraiture? And so of Owen Wister's effective and appealing apprehension of Charleston's sorrowful old-world charm and high-bred inherited grace, here and there throughout his "Lady Baltimore." Mr. James and Mr. Wister have given us, if we be sufficiently sympathetic, at least two new cities of the heart which we take unto ourselves by very benevolent assimilation.

Pierre Loti must come to mind in any such consideration. He and Lafcadio Hearn, when we are in the mood for it, can give us gorgeous coloring and lovely harmon-

The Cities of the Heart

ies of light in their rendition of a city's particular atmosphere and peculiar beauty. For Loti's new story, "Disenchanted," yields a brilliant picture that will delight any to whom Constantinople is one of these cities of the heart. All the house of old Stamboul that stood low down by the sands seemed, at sunset, he writes, "blurred and blotted out, as it were, by the eternal violet haze of the evening, a mist of vapor and smoke. Stamboul changed like a mirage; no details were now visible—neither the decay nor the misery, nor the hideousness of some of the modern structures; it was a mere mass in outline, dark purple with edges of gold, a colossal city in cut jasper, bristling with spires and domes, set up as a screen to shut out a conflagration in heaven."

Better still than the reading of it is, of course, the personal experience. To see many-towered Oxford dreaming beside the sleepy Thames, and to hear her silver chimes pealing the vesper-hour, as one lingers in old Worcester College quadrangle, that "beautiful green seclusion with its sloping bank of the most exquisite turf, its old buildings, and the vistas of bosage beyond,—wholly away from the noisy world;"—to watch Edinburgh Castle lift its ancient turrets against a purple and orange sunset sky;—to stroll under the green elms of Amherst on a magical night of summer moonlight;—to see, from Riverside drive, the Hudson and all her serried shipping fade into the rose and silver of twilight;—how such experiences touch the very springs of pathos and give us unforgettable memory-pictures of our Cities of the Heart!

"MY LADY SLUMBERS"

AUGUST XXI. The fifth birthday of little "Bunny" of the thoughtful eyes. All day he and the band of bonnie cousins have made merry, trooping over the grass with shout and song, sailing their boats in the pellucid shallows of the stream, and at noon sharing the birthday feast beneath the old apple tree. And when they joined hands and danced gleefully in a ring over the exquisite sward,—Bunny and Brown-Eyes and Ray and the other sweet bairns,—old John Lyly's playful lines came to mind,—

"Trip it, little urchins all!
Lightly as the little bee,
Two by two, and three by three."

It was wholly charming, the series of pictures these little innocents unconsciously presented. Here was subject-matter for painter and poet truly;—but how many sights like these pass by unrecorded! Nay, not wholly so, for do they not impress themselves indelibly in the memory of the parents and friends of children, there ever to remain as a joy and a consolation? Yet, too beautiful almost for words, they must fail of record save on the tablets of the heart!

"Who shall explain this lovely thing
To generations yet to be?
Will evanescent beauty wing
Her flight to dim futurity?"

Now the tired children lie dreaming after their happy

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*“The brook
Sings on with ceaseless music”*

"My Lady Slumbers"

hours in the sun; the great white cloud-land has melted into the dim purple of twilight; from the shadowy fields draped in mist floats the faint tinkle of cowbells; and the utter quietude of a summer night is closing down upon our valley and lonely hills. Then, as the moon rises in pallid radiance and swims slowly above the belt of mists, a boat puts out on the stream; clear voices are lifted in song, and over the tranquil air vibrate the majestic measures,—

*"Integer vitae scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauris jaculis, nec arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra."*

One of the stateliest of all songs, I have ever accounted that ode of Horace. That, and Ben Jonson's "Drink to me only with thine eyes," as chanted to their ancient music, are magnificent,—there is no other word to describe them! The first song we learned from a rare teacher who made Virgil and Horace and Catullus living voices through his fine penetration and subtle appreciation; the second, with its solemn and noble sweetness, was learned from another fine teacher and literary guide, who brought to his reading of the Elizabethan poets a charm that was unforgettable.

And now the plangent and sonorous Latin dies away on the shadows, and there follows the light harmony of "My Lady Slumbers." As the delicate rhythm of the song rises up from the drifting boat, with its recurrent refrain, "My Lady Slumbers," I think of the little folk dreaming behind yonder curtained pane, hushed and

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soothed to balmy sleep. Fragrant darkness clothes them round; the old ancestral Mansion holds them securely in sheltering arms; and they gather for the morrow fresh buoyancy and radiant healthfulness.

COUNTRY PEACE

AUGUST XXII

COUNTRY peace, the warbling birds,
Friendly faces and friendly words,

Grassy fields and tranquil streams,
Cloud-lands beautiful as dreams,

Singing brooks that wander slow
Where buttercups and daisies grow,

Old barn roofs where drowsy doves
Sit in the sun and tell their loves,

Robins whistling clear and sweet
Over the acres of swaying wheat,

Children playing among the flowers
And singing away the sunny hours,

Rosy country girls and boys
Filling the day with happy noise,

Old-time garden-walks that seem
Haunts of reverie and dream,

Poets' books to read at ease
Under the bowering orchard trees,

Memories that wistful go
Back to the golden Long Ago,

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Faith that He who rules above
Encompasses this earth with love,

Faith that His mercies never cease:—
These are the joys of country peace.

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“Small willows bend above”

UP STREAM

AUGUST XXIII. Robert Louis Stevenson makes
his canoe tell of its quiet wanderings,—

“I with the leaping trout
Wind, among lilies, in and out;
I, the unnamed, inviolate,
Green, rustic rivers navigate;
My dipping paddle scarcely shakes
The berry in the bramble-brakes;
Still forth on my green way I wend
Beside the cottage garden-end;
And by the nested angler fare,
And take the lovers unaware.
By willow wood and water-wheel
Speedily fleets my touching keel;
By all retired and shady spots
Where prosper dim forget-me-nots.”

Up stream I paddled on the Brandywine this morning, between pastures redolent of August's yellow primroses and rag-weed and the pungent life-everlasting; beside little thickets of buttonwood saplings and feathery willows that dip into the current and sway perpetually; over glassy reaches where only an occasional skimming bird or leaping fish broke the stillness of the watery mirror, and where a yellow leaf or two drifting down,—early premonition of autumnal decay—seemed like “the fairy-people's boats,” as little Ray loves to name them. Mild cows raised their heads in quiet astonishment at the invasion of their retirement; congresses of light water-bugs scudded hither and thither before the prow, and assembled

Brandywine Days

again to discuss this visitor from Brobdingnag. In high boughs the locusts hummed in strident chorus; blue herons flapped past on leisurely wing; and one friendly little green-backed bird hopped from twig to twig of an over-arching ash, observing with his bright black eyes the strange craft and the red paddle blades.

Beautiful the swift rush and silver laughter of green water down the rapids where I waded and drew the canoe up the turbid slope; beautiful the sand beds in the calmer shallows, flecked with sunshine and haunted by shoals of glancing minnows; and beautiful the varied pebbles beneath the clear element,—mossy green, peacock blue, gleaming black, but most of them golden-brown, or fair white laved to an immaculate purity.

“O the clean gravel!
O the smooth stream!”

Here in these up-stream meadows, buried amid their encircling hills, is peace, surely! Here is the same unchanged primeval little river of the far centuries when the Indians named it “Susqueco” or “Wawassan” and here pitched their leathern homes, and called the fish and the water-fowl their brothers. But a distant farm bell ringing the men to dinner calls me back from those vanished Indian scenes; and rushing down the foaming, plashing rapids to the delicious melody of the cool lapping wavelets, and out along the willowed banks and “above the golden gravel,” the canoe sweeps out again into the wide calm reaches between the familiar pastures and in sight of the red gables of the old House.

UP THE DELAWARE

AUGUST XXVI. Enamored of the charm of the water journey toward Baltimore, I to-day essayed the broad Delaware. Watching, from a quiet corner of the deck, the green shores, the brimming and shining river and the passing craft, memory transported me to the old-world streams of England. I thought of how to us of Saxon lineage those English rivers are perhaps without rivals in the world, for to their scenic beauty is added the crowning interest of prolonged and immemorial human association. The tranquil Thames, winding through golden meadows and past the cloisters of Oxford and Eton, reflecting in its bosom the hoary towers of Windsor and the sedges of Runnymede; the pastoral Avon, beside whose green shores the boy Shakespeare oftentimes dreamed; dear Cowper's languorous river Ouse; the Duddon and the Wye, with their memories of Wordsworth; the mighty Severn, flowing by the grave of Hallam, and rich with old Celtic memories;—these and a score of other English streams are so freighted with romance and association that their very names are beautiful.

Hundreds of years must pass ere our American rivers become so surcharged with the glamour of a legendary past; yet we have many streams whose natural beauty may easily be enhanced if one will bring to his enjoyment of them an imagination open to the inner meaning of things—the spiritual vision which Wordsworth has awakened in the lovers of his poetry. Such a stream is the Dela-

BELOW THE BRIDGE

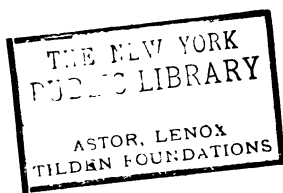
AUGUST XXVII

BELOW the bridge the Brandywine curves down
Through open meadows sleeping in the sun,
And O so green and soft!—they seem indeed
Like upper Thames-side pastures, though more wild
And more remote from life. The willows here
So green and silvery seem,—I think Corot
Would have rejoiced to paint them, filmy-fair
And full of emerald softness as they are.
Wide realms of grass and nodding weeds are here,
And at far intervals great hickory trees
Tower beautiful and stately toward the sky.
Remote and dim the busy farm-life seems,
Here where the flickers fly and locusts drone
In slumbrous chorus, and the lonely crow
Calls sadly o'er the corn-fields on the hill.

Below the bridge and at the second curve
A little island lies, the very heart
Of this romantic landscape, warm and green,
A faery island, round whose tiny shores
The silver water sweeps in steady flow,
All bubbling, fresh, and exquisitely clear.
A leafy thicket clothes the little isle,—
Small willow bushes, sprigs of sycamore,
And yellow flowers that dip into the stream,
With white bone-set thick clustered; not a foot
Of this small territory but has caught



“Where curves the Brandywine below the bridge”



Below the Bridge

Some wandering seed, to grow into green life
And flourish in the sun and watery air.

Below the bridge my silent slim canoe
Bears me o'er bubbling shallows and across
The calm expanse of peaceful waters green,
And by the faery isle. The channel here
So narrow is, the paddle sweeps the grass
And yellow blossoms as I hurry by
Adown the foamy slope and out beyond
To the long reach below the willow trees,
Where all is tranquil as a golden dream.
—O little river shining in the sun,
Soft meadows, stately trees and elfin isle,—
Your charm endures forever, and the years
Reveal fresh beauty to my musing gaze!
Where'er I go I hold you in my heart
And love to dream of magic summer hours
Where curves the Brandywine below the bridge.

THE DREAM RIVER

AUGUST XXVIII. To the Susquehanna our pilgrimage led us to-day.

Is there a river more enchanting in its beauty than this Pennsylvania stream of the resounding Indian name? As lovely as the Lakes of Killarney it seems, with its rich grassy islets, its broad expanse of rippling silver and its misty purple hills. As with Tennyson among the Irish lakes, so on these waters it would seem easy to hear

“sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of elf-land faintly blowing.”

Beside the Susquehanna it was, that Coleridge would have planted his little Republic. Here Robert Louis Stevenson, awaking at dawn as the emigrant train rolled over the long bridge, asked the name of the river. “The beauty of the name,” he wrote, “seemed to be part and parcel of the beauty of the land. As when Adam with divine fitness named the creatures, so this word Susquehanna was at once accepted by the fancy. That was the name, as no other could be, for that shining river and desirable valley.”

And in his sonnets, Lloyd Mifflin, who has long nourished his fancy in contemplating his native stream, has celebrated its solemn grandeur and its fairy loveliness, exclaiming:

“O river islands that in clusters lie
As beautiful as clouds! ye are my own. . . .
Ye hold my heart, and shall until I die.”

The Dream River

We were conveyed to mid-stream in an antique steam-boat, like Fulton's own "Clermont" in its rude simplicity,—the helmsman standing high on the roof and moving his long tiller-bar with easy and majestic grace. The splendid reach of wooded hills fading league beyond league in the luminous distance, the languorous mirage of cloud-land shot through and through with the shafts of the sun, the mystery and glamour that brooded over the sleeping isles and the silver and amber waters,—all made a picture ineffable and unforgettable.

O Lordly Stream, whose sparkling waters sweep
By cloven cliffs and mountains forest-stoled,
Or spread in silent leagues where mists of gold
Hang o'er soft islands in the silver deep;
Fair as some phantom river seen in sleep
Art thou, to whom the Indians of old
Gave thy melodious name, in days when rolled
Primeval thunders round thy headlands steep.

Of thee the young and ardent Coleridge dreamed
As loveliest of the waters of the west;
To Stevenson thy beauty peerless seemed;—
But thine own Mifflin, to whose loving eye
Thy multitudinous isles "in clusters lie
As beautiful as clouds,"—he knows thee best.

THE UPPER BRANDYWINE

In these high breezy fields the little rill
Dances and sings, a joyous infant stream,
Nor knows what amplitude it will attain,
Far down the land, of majesty and dream.

AUGUST XXX. A day of wandering beside the young Brandywine, far up in the northern townships, a day of soft white clouds and fresh sunshine; "the land was all in a golden, wonderful radiance, and the clear streams glittered in the light, and the leaves of the trees danced with exultation in a wind blowing from the west." Among wild meadows and tiny woodland lawns of exquisite green turf I strolled, where the miniature river purred and sang over gray and golden sands. Here were no deep pools where sulky carp or sliding turtle might bask, but only clear shallows,—peopled by pollywogs and tiny minnows,—hurrying down the pebbly slopes and swirling past red willow roots, or drifting lazily in the tranquil sunny reaches of smooth, slow water.

It is a fine upland country through which the youthful Brandywine curves and wanders, a country-side open to the sun and the fresh breezes, where the air has a sweet, tonic quality and the oxen plowing the brown hillsides look tranquil and comfortable. To follow the stream through all its wanderings is to pass close to ancient farm walls and bright old-time gardens, under little arching bridges and beside grassy swamps and cressy islands.

Far off sounds the shriek of the steam-thresher, and the cries of farmers at their harrowing float across the fields;

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“This green untroubled meadow-side”

The Upper Brandywine

but the happy little faery river holds on its peaceful way, and its mood is that of eternal holiday. A score of miles down-stream lie those wide and stately reaches of the full-grown Brandywine,—

“Contented river! in thy dreamy realm—
The cloudy willow and the plummy elm;
They call thee English, thinking thus to mate
Their musing streams, that oft with pause sedate
Linger through misty meadows for a glance
At haunted tower or turret of romance.”

But if our Chester County stream recalls the rivers of England in its ampler stretches among the Pocopson meadows and near old Birmingham,—in these high upper miles of its course it seems like the fresh, bubbling streams of Scotland, and the stroller might almost imagine himself walking by Doon or Afton-water.

Acres of golden-rod border the stream in these last days of summer, and there is field after field of yellow and purple and white blooms, bone-set, ironweed, sumac, thistles, the lacy wild carrot, red berry bushes, thickets of reddening dogwood, and many a little patch and cluster of ragweed and yellow star-flowers, belated daisies and splendid cardinal-flowers.

Now and then the stream widens out into a pond for ice; here the water is steely-blue in the fresh breeze. But I love the little stream best in its wild natural beauty, among the willow groves and the black rocks and the upland meadows. There it has all the fascination of lonely and sequestered Nature, and the same charm that pervades the coombes of old Somerset where Wordsworth and Coleridge roved and dreamed in the old days.

THRESHING THE WHEAT

AUGUST XXXI. *"O happy, beyond human happiness, had they but the sense of their blessings, the husbandmen, for whom of herself, far away from the shock of arms, Earth, that gives all their due, pours out from her soil plenteous sustenance. . . . Then let me delight in the country and the streams that freshen the valleys—let me love river and woodland with an unambitious love."*

Thus wrote Virgil of the Georgics, concerning the half-idyllic life which he saw about him in the countryside of ancient Italy. Virgil's praise of the rural life cannot, unhappily, be wholly echoed in our day, with farm labor so hard and the returns so moderate; yet we must go to the country to find true old-fashioned contentment, and in the operations of agriculture much remains that would charm Virgil himself. Indeed some of our modes of tillage have scarcely changed since the day of the great Augustan poet. I have seen husbandmen in the Alban Hills plowing with just such primitive wooden implements as Virgil or Horace saw; and our modern plow, save for its metal construction, is essentially the same thing. So with the dairy operations, and the other simple processes of remoter farming districts.

Although the complex reaper-and-binder and the steam-thresher were undreamed of in the elder days, there is in the pulsing rhythm and large activity of our threshing operations something of a poetry that has not gone out with the flail and the old-time grain-fan.

Threshing the Wheat

All this golden afternoon the engine has kept up its humming roar; the men in the dim and dusty atmosphere of the barn, like the solemn and mystic figures Millet loved to portray, have swung the sheaves down from the mows to feed the thresher; they have measured the fast-pouring grain, and piled the falling straw in the long sheds. Now and then the children have ventured, half-terrified, to look on at the strange scene; but the swallows and the pigeons have quite fled the unwonted invasion of their quietude. In the farmer's house there has been a vast confusion of preparation for the supper that is to feed near a score of half-famished men. But the period of stress is a brief one,—in a day all the wheat and oats have been threshed; and then the engine, fuming and panting like an uncanny monster, labors heavily down the road to the next farm, to affright the brooding pigeons and throw the kitchen folk into a fever of activity.

Threshing the grain is one of the crowning acts of the country labors. In these few hours the farmer beholds, in the sacks of yellow wheat and oats, the realization of all his long weeks of plowing and planting, all his patient watching of his green growing acres and of his harvesting the heavy sheaves.

Charles Tennyson-Turner,—whose early poetry was admired by Coleridge, whose sonnets were dear to "Old Fitz" and to the Laureate brother Alfred,—delighted to record in his perfect verse the scenes of the simple farm life about his Lincolnshire vicarage. His sonnet, "The Steam Threshing Machine," with its affectionate reference to Virgil, fills a notable page in the poetic farmer's calendar.

Brandywine Days

*"Flush with the pond the lurid furnace burn'd
At eve, while smoke and vapour fill'd the yard;
The gloomy winter sky was dimly starr'd,
The fly-wheel with a mellow murmur turn'd;*

*"While, ever rising on its mystic stair
In the dim light, from secret chambers borne,
The straw of harvest, sever'd from the corn,
Climb'd and fell over, in the murky air.*

*"I thought of mind and matter, will and law,
And then of him who set his stately seal
Of Roman words on all the forms he saw
Of old-world husbandry: I could but feel
With what a rich precision he would draw
The endless ladder and the booming wheel!"*

AUTUMNAL HOURS

SEPTEMBER I. *"The April rain-storms and the gilded suns of May have more of a sadness than the Autumn leaves. There is a sympathy in beautiful leaves that fall at the flush of their heightening color, and we know they are tired with the dust and fevered with light. It is only a sweet relief to lie back on the bosom of earth and cover our graves. So we love them for it."*

These words of a friend seem in harmony with one's feeling in this the waning season of the year. There is a nameless spell in the name September that captivates the fancy,—a romance and a glamour that thrill one and put him in the mood for reading and re-reading Keats' "Ode to Autumn," with its magical brooding upon all of the ripeness, the opulent abundance and the dreamy charm of this

"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness."

The change from yesterday, Summer, to to-day, Autumn, is but one of the calendar, to be sure, and we shall yet have weeks when we shall think "warm days will never cease"; yet I confess to a susceptibility to the power of suggestiveness, and can say of the word Autumn, as did Keats of Endymion,

"The very music of the name has gone
Into my being."

Yesterday the roses shed their petals in silken drifts on the soft grass, and the ragweed in the meadows was of a

Brandywine Days

delicious fragrance. To-day the winds are swaying the crowns of the solemn oaks, and seem to say,—This day we come to our own. The bloom and fragrance and lazy forgetfulness of the vanished Summer must ere long become only a memory; to-day we sound our herald trumpets, summoning the hosts of the fields and gardens to yield their fruits and pass into nothingness. The ranks of willows shall drop their yellowing leaves one by one into the silent stream, the serried troops of corn shall give up their golden store and turn sere on a thousand hills where the crows are sadly calling. Marigolds and asters and late-lingering roses—all the fair and graceful companions that gladden garden and dooryard—shall perish in the paling October suns. The nuts shall fall in the yellow glades and the sweet birds vanish from the woodlands; and Solitude shall again take possession of the once-lovely world!

Yea,—and those winds are calling to us too; and with mingled regret and hope soon we must leave these tranquil Brandywine meadows and this old red-gabled House below the hills. Away we must turn from this sylvan peace and seclusion, where the invisible forces play round us their harmonies, and the days are calm and untroubled as in a dream,—away to crowded thoroughfares and the hurrying haunts of men.

What a benediction is this summering in the pure countryside; what a healthful tendency our recent American seeking of the fields from June to September! May every sojourner in God's free meadows and forests look back with thanksgiving on the particular region where his vacation days were passed, and may he be able to exclaim in recollection of it, as did warm-hearted, kindly old Ed-

Autumnal Hours

ward Fitzgerald,—“Ah, happy Days! . . . in those Meadows far from the World, it seemed, as Salaman’s Island . . . the Heart of that Happy Valley whose Gossip was the Mill-wheel, and Visitors the Summer Airs that momentarily ruffled the sleepy Stream.”

“He loved each simple joy the country yields,”—that is the epitaph I should choose, for I feel certain that there can be no purer ministry to the heart and soul than that deeper ministry underlying the simple and wholesome love of clouds and birds and flowers and streams.

Some lingering strain of the old Greek sentiment, it may be, or of the wistful Celtic, reveals to the lover of all visible beauty an inner spirit of

ENCHANTMENT

Old forms forgotten of the world of men
Still haunt the common ways of life for me;
Lone vales and dreaming rivers to my ken
Are fraught with glamour and with mystery.
I hear strange harmonies among the hills,
I drink the fragrance of forgotten things;
In whispering forests still the dryad sings,
And strange emotion all my being thrills.

Along green uplands in the flush of dawn
I catch a glimpse of Dian’s girls star-white,
A phantom troop that speed by copse and lawn
And fade beyond the wheat field on the height.
I hear faint music in the shadowy wood
When winds are stirring in the chestnut leaves,
An elfin strain;—so plaintively it grieves,
I would not miss its pathos if I could!

Brandywine Days

And I have seen by solitary meads
In violet days when April yet was young,
The rueful Pan among the river reeds,
And heard his wistful elegies outflung.
And through the hush of soft September hours,
When corn was yellow 'neath the harvest moon,
Methought Sylvanus piped an eerie tune
As low he lurked amid the fading flowers.

As some lone child that wanders far from home,
Sees all its sweetness through his tender tears,
So phantoms fair of Hellas and old Rome
Arise for me from out the ancient years.
The paths of life to others sad may seem,—
They cannot but be glorified for me
Who find them fraught with myth and mystery
And all enchantments of the world of dream.



"Peace and old-time charm"

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GOOGE'S ECLOGUES ONCE MORE

SEPTEMBER III. To-day I turn once more to Googe's quaint bucolics. In *Egloga Tertia*, the herdsman Menalcas begs his comrade Coridon to tell him something of the "Townes estate;" whereupon there follow the usual strictures upon city life as compared with the innocence of life in the fields. Coridon's closing verses are these,—

"I, synce I sawe suche synfull syghts,
dyd never lyke the Towne,
But thought it best to take my sheepe,
and dwell upon the downe.
Whereas I lyve, a pleasaunt lyfe,
and free from cruell handes,
I wolde not leave the pleasaunt fyelde
for all the Townysh Landes."

Such has ever been the note of country simplicity, and it loses none of its attraction in Googe's quaint lines. And for a farewell to honest Barnabe, take his song in honor of "the immortal kynge," equal to Herrick's *Noble Numbers* in its sincere gratefulness:

"Who gyves us pasture for our beasts
and blesseth our encrease:
By whom, while others cark and toyle
we lyve at home with ease.
Who keepes us down, from climyng hye
wher honour breeds debate,
And here hath graunted us to lyve
in symple Shephards state,

Brandywine Days

A lyfe that sure doth farre excede
eche other kynd of lyfe:
O happy state, that doth content,
How farre be we from stryfe?"

Almost like music from some lost Arcadian world seem these pleasant, old-time pastorals of Barnabe Googe; yet, if read in congenial mood, in the idyllic setting of Brandywine meadows,—so like England's peaceful stream-side fields,—their quaint philosophy may prove not wholly alien.

SPIRIT OF SEPTEMBER

SEPTEMBER V

I

O SPIRIT of September, I have seen
Thy wandering footsteps by the lonely rill
That winds and murmurs under willows green
Below yon high-browed hill;
And I have followed thee through orchards olden
And watched thy wistful face in silence pass
Where mellow apples round and ripe and golden
Lie thickly in the grass;—

II

Lie in the grass where once in pleasant drowse
Methought I saw thee in the dove-cote's shade
Weaving a wreath of asters for thy brows
In sweet and fragrant braid.
And by the woodland edge, 'mid moss and myrtle,
When thou wert dancing o'er the faery green,
With heaps of fern and flowers in thy kirtle,
Thee, Spirit, have I not seen?

III

Have I not seen thee in the azure morn
Glide noiseless as a phantom summer cloud
Where waved the tassels of the yellow corn
And vagrant crows called loud;



“Thy deep charm, O how I shall remember”

Spirit of September

Too soon thou'lt fade, O Spirit of September,
As fade the walnut's and the willow's leaves;
But thy deep charm, O how I shall remember
When Winter sighs and grieves!

A DISCIPLE OF KEATS

SEPTEMBER VI. Yesterday, when the autumn wind grieved in the oak grove, and the yellow willow leaves fell on the Brandywine's dark waters, I read a volume of poetry that took me, back very happily to those eternal favorites, Spenser and Keats, —poetry stately and dreamful like that of the "Faerie Queene," wistful and beautiful like that of the "Ode to Autumn." It was the newly collected work of Madison Cawein, the best of his voluminous output, gathered into a thick little book, and championed by Edmund Gosse in an essay with all his charm of style and delicacy of insight.

Wholly in keeping with the pensive autumnal day seemed this sonnet,—

"So Love is dead, the Love we knew of old!
And in the sorrow of our hearts' hushed halls
A lute lies broken and a flower falls;
Love's house is empty and his hearth is cold.
Lone in dim places, where sweet vows were told,
In walks grown desolate, by ruined walls,
Beauty decays; and on their pedestals
Dreams crumble, and the immortal gods are mould.
Music is slain or sleeps; one voice alone,
One voice awakes, and like a wandering ghost
Haunts all the echoing chambers of the Past—
The voice of Memory, that stills to stone
The soul that hears; the mind that, utterly lost,
Before its beautiful presence stands aghast."

A Disciple of Keats

It is a fine pleasure to study, in our more artistic writers of verse, their relation to the masters of song, to find in the mystery and haunting quality of Bliss Carman some remembrance of Coleridge and Shelley, to hear the Wordsworthian note in the late Philip Henry Savage's work, to feel the old Virgilian charm in the Pennsylvania sonnets of Lloyd Mifflin, the antique druid solemnity and Celtic spirituality in the lyrics of the late Lionel Johnson. And in the case of Madison Cawein, it is a delight to find a continued allegiance to Keats, and through Keats to Spenser. My friend Dr. Glenn L. Swiggett, who is fond of tracing literary origins, has detailed a conversation with Mr. Cawein, when the poet told of his boyhood rapture over a copy of Hales' "Longer English Poems," and of his "eternal obligation, for his acquired taste, to Spenser, Milton, and Tennyson," as revealed to him in that book. We may take it, therefore, that the splendid harmony and soft glow of the *Prothalamion* touched the imagination of the ardent youth and made him a poet, as surely as the reading of *Christabel* woke Stephen Phillips to his inheritance from the Muses.

Madison Cawein, and a new poet, J. E. Spingarn, of Columbia University, revive the Spenserian tradition in a notable way, very refreshing in these modern days. And to his affluent Spenserian harmony, Cawein unites the brooding Celtic attitude of Keats. Old Kentucky becomes under his eyes the home of forgotten deities of forest and river-shore; twilight sheaves and glimmering trees appear like mythical forms, and antique Hellas reawakens in our New World meadows. No other American poet has ventured on so frank a pantheism as has

Brandywine Days

Cawein; and presenting it in simple and lucid fashion, it seems with him an attitude wholly natural.

"Like some white witch, some ghostly ministrant,
Some spectre of some perished flower of phlox;"

thus he conceives of the twilight moth. Nevermore, he says to a fallen beech,—

"Shall the storm, with boisterous hoof-beats, under
Thy dark roof dance, Faun-like, to the humming
Of the Pan-pipes of the rain and thunder."

He asks if bird-songs be perchance spirit voices,—

"Is it a Naiad singing in the dusk,
Or just a wild-bird voluble with thanks?"

Is the forest's warm fragrance the sighing of

"A sylvan Spirit, whose sweet mouth did breathe
Her viewless presence near us, unafraid?"

The sumptuous poem "Myth and Romance" is filled with this blithe neo-Hellenism; in his reverie the poet beholds a train of fabled images:

"Now 'tis a Satyr piping serenades
On a slim reed. Now Pan and Faun advance
Beneath green-hollowed roofs of forest glades,
Their feet gone mad with music."

Thus does that long-dead time live again for this dreamer of happy imagination.

"All around me, upon field and hill,
Enchantment lies as of mysterious flutes."

In all his harking back to Greece, Madison Cawein resembles Keats; as he does, too, in his easy familiarity with

A Disciple of Keats

Oberon and his faery company. The genial sympathy of William Dean Howells has frequently enlisted itself in support of our poet's Hellenism,—nowhere more felicitously, I think, than where he avows that these verse-pictures of Mr. Cawein's "incarnate the soul of the warm, rich, lazy land. . . . In all that is sylvan, all that is pastoral, his sensuous rhyme takes my homesick fancy with a tenderness which I hope does not disable my judgment. . . . This poet wins his airiest, his most substantial, success when he finds the fabled past amidst the blue-grass meadows and wood-pastures of the Ohio Valley."

The warmest of his critics admit that Mr. Cawein has been, perhaps, overfluent; but I would not dwell on this, for the body of verse of classic and glowing beauty that he has given us entitles him to our full gratitude. And I count it no derogation to say that he is at his best when, consciously imbued with the spirit of Keats, he portrays his homeland scenes in pulsing and impassioned stanzas, with vision lucid and of a Greek intensity.

I should like to set down many a line of pure loveliness which I have underscored in "Kentucky Poems," but must content myself with this little fragment of our poet's creed,—

"There is a poetry that speaks

Through common things: the grasshopper,

That in the hot weeds creaks and creaks,

Says all of summer to my ear;

And in the cricket's cry I hear

The fireside speak, and feel the frost

Work mysteries of silver near

On country casements."

WALTER PATER AGAIN

Upon his noble books I've loved to muse
Since those white days in Oxford long ago
I heard his gracious words and saw him wrapt
In pensive reverie pacing to and fro.

SEPTEMBER VII. "Carpe diem!"—the old Roman poet's injunction was faithfully interpreted by Oxford's Idealist. Let us make each of our days happy and serviceable. Why all this beauty in the humanity and nature round about us, save for daily joy and thanksgiving?

As surely as Wordsworth taught us to see "in common things that round us lie" the hand of the very God, and revealed, to us who love Him,

"The earth and every common sight . . .
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream,"

so surely does Walter Pater, in his lucid and tranquil prose-discourse waken us to fresh recognition of the vital beauty of daily life. We owe it to our best selves, this wise teacher held, to make "our own each highest thrill of joy that the moment offers us—be it some touch of color on the sea or the mountains, the early dew in the crimson shadows of a rose."

From the stimulating conversation of a thoughtful friend, from a lonely ramble beside some drowsy stream among October's drifting gold, from an evening of glo-

Walter Pater Again

rious music, from voyaging through strange seas of thought in the pages of some beloved and impassioned author—Plato, or Virgil, or “our sage and serious Poet Spenser”—from such precious experiences, Walter Pater would have said, let us glean such inspiration as may seem “by a lifted horizon to set the spirit free for a moment;” for to Pater it was clear that “the service of philosophy, and of religion and culture as well, to the human spirit, is to startle it into a sharp and eager observation.”

Memory meant much to Pater, as much as it meant to Charles Lamb himself; he would have us build for ourselves “nests of pleasant thoughts,” through the wise cherishing of every noble sight or fine experience or memorable conversation or happy hour among books and music. Walter Pater’s golden book, “Marius the Epicurean,” tells of “a young Roman feeling his way in early life through the religions, the philosophies, the arts of the time of Marcus Aurelius.” It portrays the young patrician Marius as a favored youth, serious and sweet and high-minded, seeking diligently and religiously after perfection of life, perfection of faith, perfection of friendship. To this youth of healthy, pure and vigorous character comes a great desire for richness and fullness of life. Marius moves across that strange old lost Roman world, a gracious and lovable figure, gathering to his heart whatever of noble and uplifting crosses his pathway, and with fine delicacy ignoring the evil and the gross. There is the pathos of immortal youth about Marius; it lingers with the reader like some fine fragrance, as of old lavendered linen, or of dead rose-leaves among the faded silks of our grandmothers in country attics; for with sure lit-

Brandywine Days

erary art Pater makes his hero die young, thus giving to his brief beautiful days the pathos of unfulfilled renown. Yes, this bright young life is cut down while yet the fair city of God, toward which the eager young eyes are directed so ardently, lies dreamily beyond the mists of the fast-fading pagan world. Confident that Love must triumph, Marius passes to where "beyond these voices there is peace."

This masterpiece of the Oxford teacher is a work of lasting beauty; the clear, bright style, so firm and chastened, so musical and gracious, will carry it down the years, and its pure message will touch hearts yet unborn. Are not its precepts in harmony with the best that Socrates or Plato taught, or that found enduring expression from those sinless lips "beneath the Syrian blue"?—

"Be temperate in thy religious motions, in love . . . in all things, and of a peaceful heart with thy fellows."

"Meditate upon children at play in the morning, the trees in early spring."

Choose "whatever form of human life may be heroic, impassioned, ideal."

Walter Pater's doctrines cannot be lightly spoken of or overlooked. Of immense import do they become when we recognize that they convey anew those divine words: "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly."

This book, "Marius the Epicurean," assuredly fulfills Milton's definition of a good book—"the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

Eighteen years have passed since I heard the living

Walter Pater Again

voice of Walter Pater; yet as I read in the white pages of "Marlus," or the other volumes, blending with the murmuring song of the sylvan Brandywine I hear that voice again, as on that far-off summer evening in old-world Oxford, "that sweet city with her dreaming spires," "the city where the Muses all have sung." I hear the rapt tones, the harmonious periods of his gentle eloquence, as he lectures on Raphael, celebrating, as always, Youth—this time a real youth, but none the less a brother in spirit to Marlus the dream-youth of old Rome. That evening is one of the memories that cannot die!

What his teachings meant to his chosen students—and no one became his student without also becoming his friend—may be seen in the elegy for Walter Pater, written by his devoted disciple, the late Lionel Johnson:


"Gracious God rest him, he who told so well
Secrets of grace to tell
Graciously
Half of a passionately pensive soul
He showed us, not the whole;
Who loved him best, they best, they only, knew
The deeps, they might not view
Calm Oxford autumns and preluding springs!
'To me your memory brings
Delight upon delight, but chiefest one;
'The thought of Oxford's son,
Who gave me of his welcome and his praise,
When white were still my days;

Scholarship's constant saint, he kept her light
In him divinely white;
Oh, sweet grave smiling of that wisdom, brought
From arduous ways of thought;

Brandywine Days

Oh, golden patience of that traving soul,
So hungered for the goal!
Ended, his services; yet, albeit, farewell
Tolls the faint vesper bell,
Patient beneath his Oxford trees and towers
He still is gently ours:
Hierarch of the spirit, pure and strong,
Worthy Uranian song.—
Gracious God keep him: and God grant to me
By miracle to see
That unforgetably most gracious friend,
In the never-ending end."

THE INDIAN'S GRAVE

EPTEMBER XI. This day a gathering of honorable historians comes to our hills to dedicate a massive stone over the Indian's grave, whereon is inscribed this epitaph:

HERE RESTS
INDIAN HANNAH
THE LAST OF THE LENNI LENAPE
INDIANS IN CHESTER COUNTY
WHO DIED IN 1802

Last of her race, she sleeps in this lone grave,—
Lowly and lone, and dim and half-forgot
In these last hundred summers since she died;
Last of her race,—laid here so long ago
And gently mourned by folk of alien stock,
But not of alien hearts, kind Quaker folk
Who cherished the lone Indian, cared for her,
And made her loneliness less sorrowful,
Till life went out.

And so went out a race
That through uncounted cycles had their home
Besides Wawassan's wild and wandering stream,—
Tracking the bear and elk among these hills
And taking fish in those rude stone-built dams

Brandywine Days

That still remain in old Wawassan's stream,
And celebrating round their flickering fires
Strange pagan rite and solemn dance of war,—
So long and long ago!—ere yet our sires
Forced Magna Carta on reluctant John,
Or yielded unto Alfred's kindly law,
Yea, even ere they stormed the eastern shores
Of Britain, rovers on the wild North Sea,—
So long ago this old Algonquin folk
Hunted and warred and worshipped 'mid the woods
That hid these hills in endless greenery.

What tribal memories survived in her,
That last lone Indian woman,—what remote
And pale tradition from the ancient years,
Of sylvan loves and wars, heroic deeds
Of deathless chieftains, wisdom of the gods?
I think some primal feeling surely stirred
At times that lonely heart brooding the Past,
When in gray autumn twilights by her fire
She mused and mourned, recalling how in youth
She heard the old men grieve, old women weep
O'er territory wrested from their tribe
By the intruding English. Hopelessly
They grieved and wept;—she could not understand
The great All-Father's will, she only knew
How numbers lessened, how the forests fell
And spoiled the hunting, how the fishing failed,
And how as farmland after farmland spread
Along Wawassan's shores, her people waned
In ancient power and comfort.



“Leafy summer solitudes”

MORE OF VAUGHAN'S VERSES

SEPTEMBER XII. Taking up Henry Vaughan's quaint book this morning beside the cool Brandywine, I find his spirit in harmony with the pastoral quietude of these old farm landscapes. The seclusion of country life was blissful for Vaughan; and, moreover, he was a brother of the angle.

"Rural shades are the sweet sense
Of piety and innocence; . . .
If Eden be on earth at all,
'Tis that which we the Country call."

His very enumerations, like those of his poet-brother Robert Herrick, smack of rural felicities,—

"Sweet, downie thoughts, soft Lily-shades, Calm streams,
Joyes full and true,
Fresh, spicie mornings, and eternal beams."

Vaughan's dedications always yield some quaint fancy, some naïve charm; that of his first volume tastes of the new-fledged author fresh from the delicate nurture of college days,—

"To all Ingenious Lovers of Poesy: To you alone, whose more refined spirits out-wing these dull times, and soar above the drudgery of dirty intelligence, have I made sacred these fancies."

In the riper fruits of his pen Vaughan expresses the hope that his lighter pieces may be found

"interlined with many virtuous, and some pious mixture . . .
some prelibation of those heavenly refreshments which descend but seldom."

More of Vaughan's Verses

We moderns often treat our books too lightly, but the stately folios of Henry Vaughan's day were cherished and beloved. "Bright books," he calls them affectionately,

"The track of fled souls, and their milkie way."

The English Church, so venerable, so comforting, held all that was dearest in religion for Henry Vaughan; no other faith could so warm his heart with the gracious ritual and mystic symbolism craved by men of his patrician tastes. In his verse we seem to hear low-breathed organ music and the fading cadences of magnificent anthems. His very titles are redolent of the Book of Common Prayer. Hence it is that Vaughan's most devoted readers have been those who love the beautiful sanctities and traditions of the Anglican Church.—Beside the river Usk the poet sleeps, the river that had erst composed his thoughts "to more than infant softness."

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, the poet-critic, has written an essay full of exquisite appreciation of the Welsh singer; furthermore, she performed the pious service, not many years ago, of restoring his long-neglected and forgotten grave in the lonely churchyard of Llansantffread among his grand native hills.

"The earlier and purer fires of Christianity" glow in Vaughan's poetry;—I would not ask for nobler poetry for reading on a Sabbath morning of summer amid the country's peace and holy quietude beside our little river.

AT CEDARCROFT
HOME OF BAYARD TAYLOR

(To J. M.)

SEPTEMBER XIII

HAUNT of old repose and peacefulness
Is this red mansion with its dreamy lawns,
Its shadowy evergreens and druid oaks,
Its orchards and its deep and silent woods.
Would you were here this soft September day
To share with me in this enchanted scene,—
You to whom Taylor's memory is dear,—
To sit beneath these bowering apple trees
Whose ruddy fruit shines thickly in the grass,
And watch the phantom islands of the air
Drift high above; to hear the sleepy songs
Of locusts in the leafy solitudes
And lonely birds along the woodland edge;
And see the butterflies in airy throng
Hover, and veer, and flit on fairy wings
Among the phlox and musky marigolds.

Peace reigneth here, and faint and far away
Seems all the noisy clamor of the world.
Peace reigneth here among these sunny glades
And under these dear ancient evergreens,
Cedar and fir and yew and spicy box;—
Peace, drowsed with early autumn fragrances
Of mellowing pears and plums and ripening corn

At Cedarcroft

And breath of wild grapes in the woodland bowers;—
Peace, doubly sweet because once dear to him
Who built this homestead in the bygone years,
Cherished these lawns and noble forest trees
And reared yon tower, from whose commanding height
Looking across the land his boyhood loved,—
These blissful landscapes of old Chester County,—
He gazed o'er pastoral slopes and sylvan dells,
O'er singing rills, o'er billowy fields of wheat
And balmy orchards, to the misty edge
Of these green townships in the Kennett hills.

Would you were here with me, old friend, to read
Our Poet's page beneath his own great trees
And in his own library's deep repose!
All day I've dwelt with joy on his rich verse,
From those clear early songs whose music drew
Sweetness from Shelley's wondrous harmonies,
To those full organ-tones of his ripe years,
August and stately, such as men might chant
On victor fields or in cathedral aisles.
And over all his flood of ardent song
And high-wrought sentiment and starry truth
There breathes the peace of these first autumn days,
Touching with golden mists his beauteous lines,
And these Arcadian bowers of Cedarcroft
With tenderest pathos and with pensive charm.

OLD AND NEW PASTORAL POETS

SEPTEMBER XIV. The pastoral tradition has never faded from our English verse; Spenser gave it enduring foundation, and Colin Clout's rustic pipe has never been silent for long. The Elizabethan song-books are adorned with shepherd songs from forgotten hands; and most buoyant, fresh and altogether charming are those pastoral ditties,—as in *Phyllida's Love-Call*:—

“PHYLLIDA: Phyllida, thy true love, calleth thee,
Arise then, arise then,
Arise and keep thy flock with me!

CORYDON: Phyllida, my true love, is it she?
I come then, I come then,
I come and keep my flock with thee.

PHYLLIDA: Here are cherries ripe for my Corydon;
Eat them for my sake.

CORYDON: Here's my oaten pipe, my lovely one,
Sport for thee to make.”

George Peele wrote pastoral lyrics with true felicity. What an Arcadian simplicity in the idyllic dialogue of CEnone and Paris!—

“CENONE: Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.

Old and New Pastoral Poets

PARIS: Fair and fair and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.

CENONE: My love is fair, my love is gay,
As fresh as bin the flowers in May,
And of my love my roundelay,
My merry, merry, merry roundelay."

The country-songs of Robert Greene have all the innocence of the old age, and a certain quality of tenderness very characteristic of the creator of sweet Margaret of Fressingfield.

Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals* are usually read, I believe, at first for Keats' sake,—the later poet found them enchanting,—and then for their own sake as portraying shepherd life in old Devonshire in delightful old-fashioned verse. The eclogues and songs of these *Pastorals* tell, in quaint, heartfelt language, of country joys, of merry shepherds piping on green hillocks, of English nightingales and robins and wrens, of

"flow'ry valleys
Where Zephyr with the cowslip hourly dallies,"

of well-piled hay-ricks, of barns where ring the threshing flails, of orchards laden with pears and plums and apricots, of many

"a jocund crew of youthful swains
Wooring their sweetings with delicious strains."

Browne leads his readers through a pastoral land of unsullied old-world charm and delight; and he easily persuades us, during this poetic journey, that

Brandywine Days

"Free there's none from all this wordly strife
Except the shepherd's heaven-bless'd life."

Browne's brother-poet of Devon,—Robert Herrick,—is, in pastoral verse, as elsewhere, of a unique gusto and quaint felicity. His *Beucolick, or Discourse of Neatherds* lacks simplicity perhaps, but its art is of the true Herrick flavor, echoing as it does

"The soft, the sweet, the mellow note
That gently purles from eithers Oat—"
and

"A suger'd note and sound as sweet
As Kine when they at milking meet."

Among living poets of the pastoral tradition Lloyd Mifflin is eminent. We have seen his command of idyllic color and charm in his sonnets; and especially in a group of fifty sonnets, *In Quiet Fields*, Mr. Mifflin, with rural Pennsylvania for his background, writes in the mood of Theocritus. Here is part of his vision of antique shepherd life:

. . . . "faint is heard and slow
The pipe of some brown Faun beneath the pine.
There upland streams, dissolving, reach the vales;
And there are groves of ilex and of yew,
Unending valleys and Illyrian dales,
And gods reclining where the soft winds woo;
And azure seas there are, and sunset sails,
And shepherds piping on the capes of blue."

And for a closing extract, let me quote from his picture of "Autumn, that drowsy Faun," who

Old and New Pastoral Poets

"Dozes anear the cider-press for days,
Sipping the ooze'd juice of pomace lees;
And, leaning on the cope of orchard walls,
Watches the golden apple till it falls. . . .
Who spreads the dim and amethystine haze
In all the dells, and for the full-fed bees
Bursts the late pear, and makes its mell increase. . .
Who wafts the thistle-down to far-off seas,
And spins the spider threads across the fields
Of evening, golden in the setting sun."

Is this not in the very spirit of Theocritus and of
Keats?

WITH LLOYD MIFFLIN'S SONNETS

SEPTEMBER XV

ROVING the shores of my ancestral stream
Beneath old solitary willow trees,
Or musing in still gardens where the bees
Drone all day long, and yellow roses gleam,
And all the sleepy summer world doth seem
In golden revery wrapt; or at large ease
Wandering among the billowy clover seas,—
I read his Sonnets, lost in pensive dream.

O then a spirit-music lulls the ear
And sets the drowsy afternoon a-thrill;
And o'er that dear home-stream and ancient farm,
Across the languorous garden-blooms, I hear,—
Blown as from flutes on some green Mantuan hill,—
Virgilian pathos and Virgilian charm!

THE OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN

*"Half-drowned in sleepy peace it lay,
As satiate with the boundless play
Of sunshine in its green array."*

SEPTEMBER XVI. "Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood." Every reader of Charles Lamb remembers how Elia loved in summer days to go with his sister for a visit to the land of ancestral associations, "hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire." A like happiness was ours in journeying yesterday to that township in the sister shire of Lancaster, of which I have spoken in my "Hour-Glass" heretofore. Over the long hills we jogged, through the townships with their English and Irish names—Marlborough and Londonderry, Nottingham and Drumore,—past old red brick farmhouses with purple phlox in every dooryard, and between fields of wild carrot and odorous ragweed, coming at last to the remembered farmsteads where the rosy country cousins welcomed us with old-time cordiality.

To visit the ancestral House, now long passed from the possession of the family, was to awaken recollections that had slumbered nigh a score of years. Here it was the same and not the same. The old Mansion beside the lane was serene and cool and peaceful as of yore, though with an air of slow ruin about its ivied gables and leaning pillars; and beyond where the corridors of hollyhocks once stood, the orchard showed the familiar apples on many a drooping bough. But where weré the straw bee-

Brandywine Days

hives, where the latticed arbors, and where the winding walks of tan bark o'er which childish feet loved to patter? And the mouldering House,—like a ghostly thing it seemed in its neglect and loneliness,—the forms of beloved ones gone from its portals many a year!

"Oh, none but Silence and the Past to greet
The weary heart that on the threshold stands,
Only the wind to answer eager feet,
And only shades to touch the outstretched hands!
The house is but poor Love's neglected grave,
While young and glad and bright with summer's glow,
Like strange sweet spray upon Time's beating wave,
Against its grief the happy flowers grow."

And in the old-fashioned Garden beyond the House, how little was left of all that pristine glow and fragrance and sunny charm! No poppies now flamed there; no cowslip or candytuft bloomed, no harebell or peony; no sweet-williams in bright troops, no masses of scarlet sage or sweet old bergamot. Yet still flourished the ancient althea, in whose branches the thrush used to pour out his heart; and its red flowers were redolent of lost days; and a few pungent herbs persisted in a sheltered corner. Yet the ragged-robins, the asters, the foxgloves, the "sweet-peas on tiptoe for a flight," the marigolds and lavender, and the evening primroses that used to "blossom with a silken burst of sound," the larkspurs and fairy-fine coreopsis, the heliotropes, columbines and all the roses,—sweet-briar, moss-rose, old Scotch yellow rose, and many another of the "heart-desired roses" dear to our grandmothers,—all were gone—all! Only a wild tangle of morning-glories rippling o'er the hedge, and a few strag-

The Old-Fashioned Garden

gling balloon-vines, remained to tell of the primal loveliness of this sweet flowery place where to-day Melancholy and Forgetfulness brood amid phantoms of the Past.

Here it was that, like Elia, I "a lonely child wondered and worshipped everywhere," and caught a little, I trust, of the "love and silence and admiration" which Elia avers are fed by the solitude of childhood. For me no poppies or peonies were ever so sumptuous, no hollyhocks so gracefully tall, no marigolds so yellow, no pinks so spicy, as those that grew in this old, old Garden.

"In that lost world of sweet and fearful joy
Still dwells and dreams a boy
Dear to my heart as some wild flower of song
Heard on a summer night, and lost, alas, so long!"

I was too young then to know the poets,—to read Herrick here among the golden daffodils, Marvell or Keats under the orchard trees, or Fitzgerald's Omar in the fragrant rose-arbor. But is there a page of these laureates of the flowers that has not a keener savor because of the remembrances of this ancestral Garden arising to illustrate every allusion and happy picture?

O here on dreamy August afternoons

Who would not pore on Herrick's golden Book;
And here among the Roses that are June's,

On some green bench within a leafy nook,
Where rosy petal-drift might strew the page,
'Twere sweet to read the pensive numbers of old Persia's
Sage,

Brandywine Days

Omar Khayyam, the Wisest of the Wise.

Ah, now in balmy Naishapur he sleeps
These almost thousand years; and where he lies
His well-loved Rose each spring her petals weeps.
Of what may be hereafter no man knows,—
Then let us live to-day, he cried, as lives the lovely Rose!

This old Garden was like Andrew Marvell's,—it had
no sun dial; there were only the morning-glories, and the
four-o'clocks and the evening primroses, to suggest the
passing of the day.

“How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckon'd, but with herbs and flowers!”

Yes, here was lacking the sun dial, that central shrine
of a Garden, with “the simple altar-like structure and si-
lent heart-language” so loved of Charles Lamb. Yet
though these flowery avenues radiated from no such quaint
recorder of the lazy hours of summer, let me here in-
vent, as for an imaginary dial in this Garden of beautiful
memory, this motto,—

**Sunnie Houres,
Sweet olde Flowers,—
Whate'er endears
The Golden Yeares,—
These, these are myne:
O make them thine!**

THE GIFTS OF GOD

SEPTEMBER XVII

I SAW a woman pale with care
Beside the way;
Wistful of face she wandered there
This autumn day.

Her thin hands held blue asters blent
With goldenrod,
And so I knew that she had spent
An hour with God

Among the fields; that she had come
With weary feet
Fleeing her poor and narrow home
To walk the sweet

Uncrowded, pure, clean country ways,
And for an hour
Find respite from unresting days,
With bird and flower.

Alas! how many souls like thine,
Unhappy thralls,
Do poverty and need confine
In city walls!

Ah, not for them night's mystery
And odorous dark,
Nor the enchanted piping free
Of dawn's first lark;

Brandywine Days

For them no image deep and soft
In tranquil stream,
Of great cloud-islands far aloft
That drift and dream.

The chiming frog, the wood-thrush sweet,
The sad rain-crow,
The harvest songs among the wheat,
They may not know.

They may not look day after day
On falling leaf,
As pensive Autumn pines away
In golden grief.

Nay, these poor souls all closely pent
'Mid dust and heat
Of dark and grimy tenement
And sordid street,

Must count one day 'mid orchard slopes
And by calm streams
Fulfilment of their fondest hopes
And cherished dreams.

But we who share each day and hour
These gifts of God—
River and wood and cloud and flower
And emerald sod—

Do we by reverence aright
Make these our own?
Or, careless, shut them from our sight
With hearts of stone?

AUTUMN SILENCE

SEPTEMBER XVIII

NO sound is heard ; green Newlin's fields are still ;
No more we hear the wood-dove's pensive cry ;
Without a twitter now the swallows fly.

Silent the dreamy woods above the mill ;
Silent the drowsy air of Slumberville ;
Silent the sights that meet the musing eye,
One lonely buzzard climbing the clear sky
And great cloud-shadows moving up the hill.

No sound is heard : the sleepy Brandywine
Scarce whispers as it laps its lazy reeds
Or drifts where yon late-lingering daisies shine.
The air is spiced with smoke of burning weeds,
And o'er the fields where feed the peaceful kine
Slow sail the thistle's filmy silver seeds.

A CELTIC POET

*"The wail of Irish winds,
The cry of Irish seas;
Eternal sorrow finds
Eternal voice in these."*

SEPTEMBER XIX. I have been re-reading the wistful and beautiful verse of Lionel Johnson, for, with the revival of our sympathy for Ireland's sorrows, have come the tidings of the death of a poet who was passionately devoted to the woful land of his fathers. And his poetry, ever shadowed with twilight melancholy and mournful dignity, makes illustrious the best years of his manhood.

I remember the thrill that came with the first reading of his distinguished and original verse in his poems of 1895, so filled with old magic and haunting charm, through which sounded a high spiritual challenge as from one who had brooded long on Plato's "starry music," and the mysteries of the mediæval Catholicism. And I recall the enthusiasm with which Louise Imogen Guiney spoke of that volume—she who among our American singers has the Celtic spirit in largest measure.

Mystic the poetry of Lionel Johnson is, at times, but not with the elfin mystery of Yeats, enamored as he is of a loveliness that is fast passing from even the charmed raths and quickenboughs of the ancient shee. Yeats and Nora Hopper and the others thrill to those vanishing voices that

A Celtic Poet

"Wake old harps from slence
To wail for days of Fionn."

They have that "gift of rendering with wonderful felicity the magical charm of nature," of which Matthew Arnold spoke--of portraying "the intimate life of nature, her weird power and her fairy charm."

Lionel Johnson was as Celtic as they, but in a graver fashion. He seemed a new Merlin--there was a druidic quality in his reverence and his worship of the strange hidden powers of the world of enchantment; he was a dreamer pondering on the inner significance of things. There seemed no place in his vision for even that eerie and childlike humor that plays half wistfully over the lyrics of his fellows of the Celtic school. Not the intimate, delicate personality of the fairy people fascinated him; he rather beheld Ireland as a whole, sweeping into his pictures a train of thought stately with images and music and magic. Thus he wrote to her:

"Great spirits ride thy winds; thy waves
Are haunted and enchanted evermore.
Thy children hear the voices of old days
In music of the sea upon thy shore,
In falling of the waters from thine hills,
In whispers of thy trees;
A glory from the things eternal fills
Their eyes, and at high noon thy people see
Visions, and wonderful is all the air.
No upon earth they share
Eternity; they learn it at thy knees."

This poet, then, was the very reverse of Kipling; he found his themes in the holy musings of an elder race, in the

FAREWELL TO THE FARM

SEPTEMBER XXII

I *Said 'farewell' unto your pensive Stream,
And the old 'armstead wraps in autumn's dream;*

*Farewell unto the village and the mill
And dark mill-race that winds below the mill;*

*Farewell unto the cattle feeding slow
Where heavy willows stand in silent row;*

*Farewell to kindly neighbors, and farewell
To these old fields I long have loved so well;*

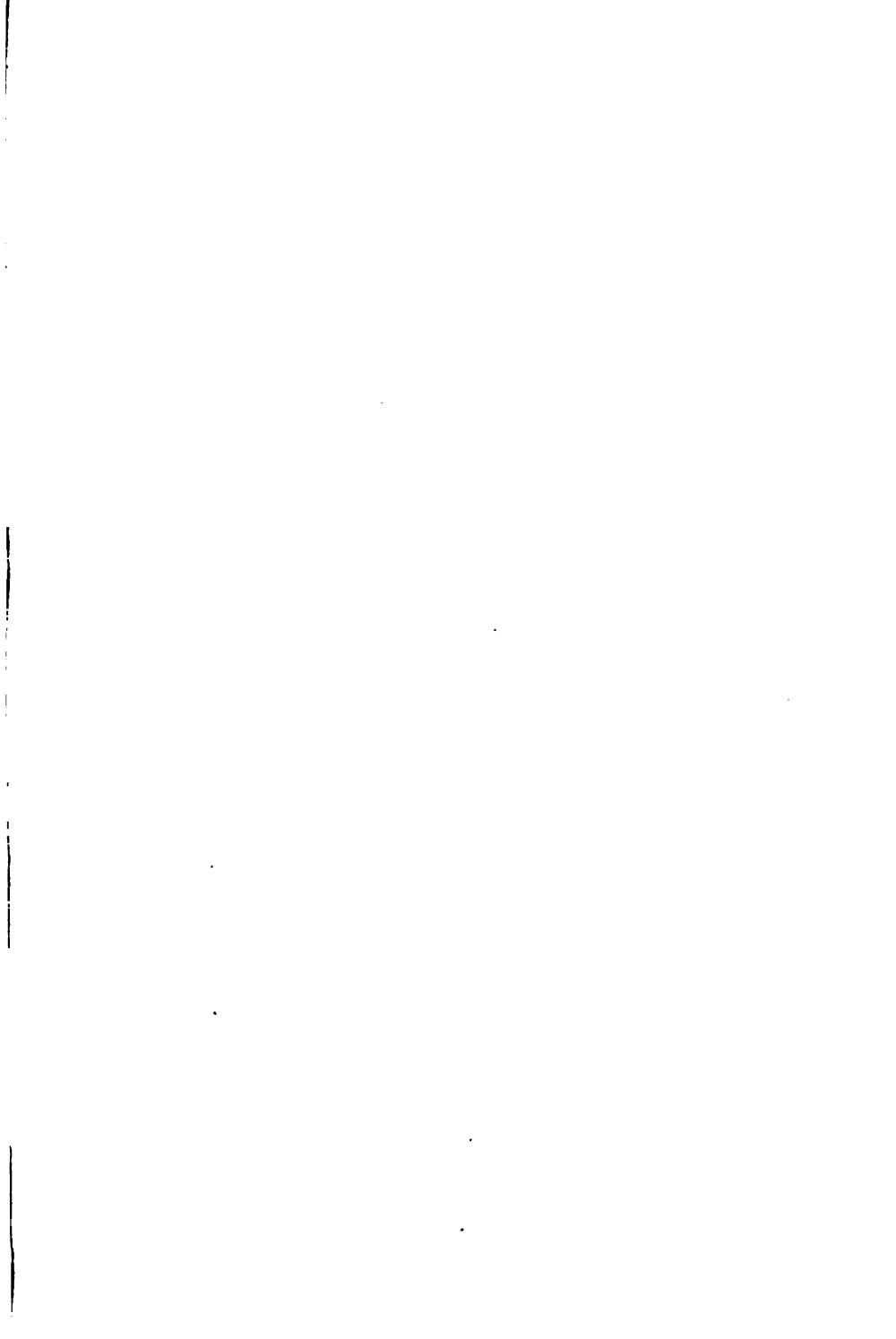
*Farewell, each haunt among these hillsides dear,—
God grant I come to you another year!*

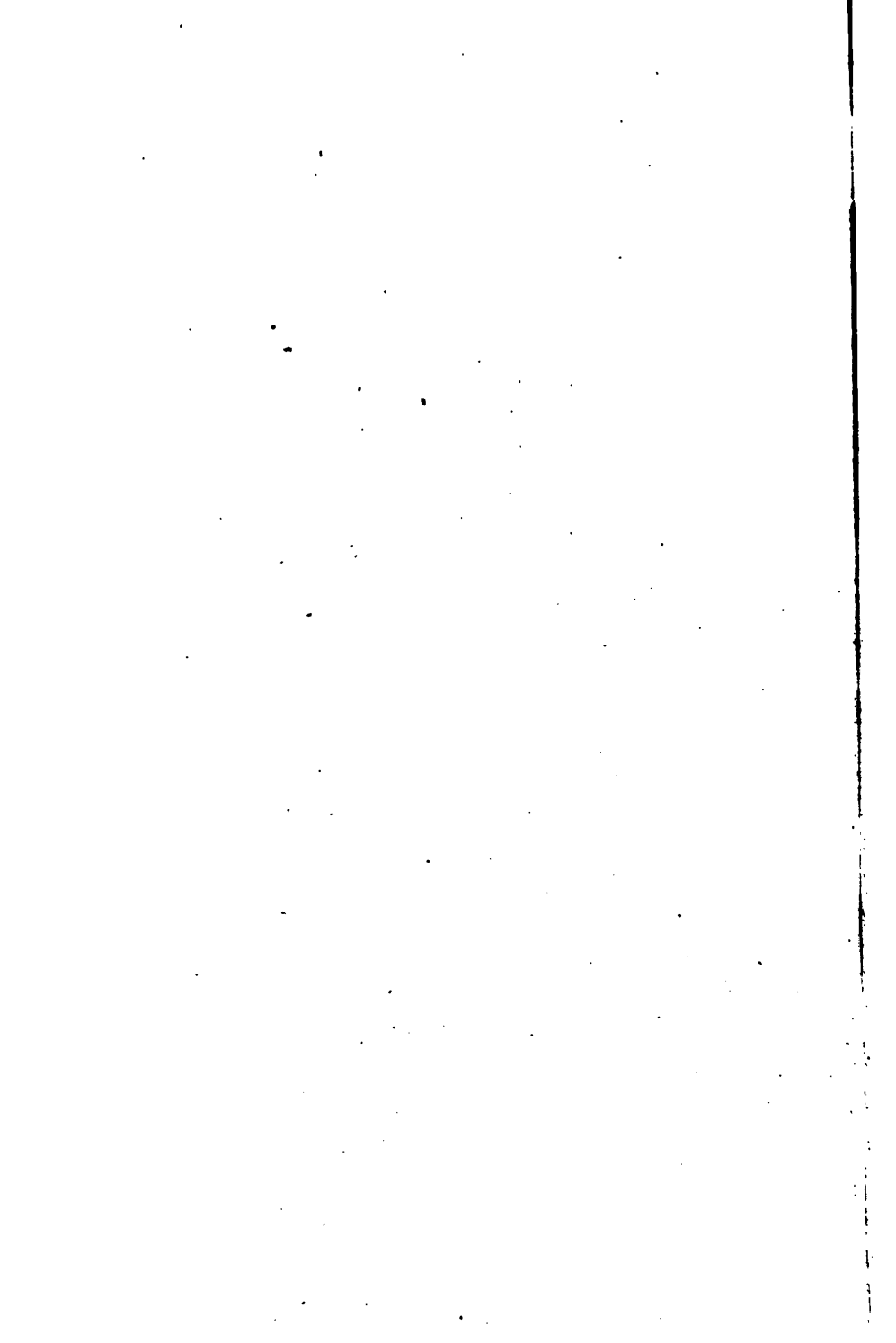


“The old farmstead wrapt in autumn’s dream”

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S. M.

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